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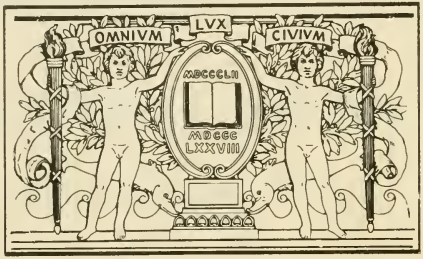

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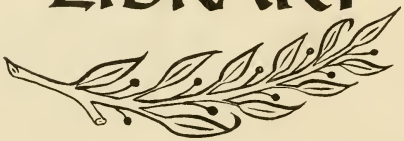

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"No," said Oscar, hastily, "don't throw!"

HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.

A SERIES OF NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, BIOGRAPHIES, AND TALES,
FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT
OF THE YOUNG.

BY

JACOB ABBOTT.

Embellished with

NUMEROUS AND BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL
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TIMBOO

AND

JOLIBA;

OR,

THE ART OF BEING USEFUL.

JUN 19 1948 G

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

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PREFACE.

TIMBOO was a poor boy. He had no parents and no friends. At the beginning of the story he was a houseless, homeless wanderer. He could not even read or write. And yet he found many ways of doing good and of making himself useful. He made himself useful to almost every person with whom he had any thing to do.

The secret of his success was, he *wished* to be useful. His thoughts were intent upon this very object, and of course his efforts all tended in the right direction for attaining it. He was patient, persevering, industrious, honest, and true. He was good-natured too, and happy. He was altogether more happy in trying to make himself useful to others than he would have been if, like many boys, he had made it the object of all his efforts and aims to secure ease, comfort, and enjoyment for himself.

I have written an account of Timboo in this Story Book in the hope that the boys who read it may in some measure imbibe his spirit and imitate his example, and thus secure for themselves the pure and elevated happiness that he enjoyed.

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TIMBOO AND JOLIBA.

CHAPTER I.

THE LODGED KITE.

Oscar and Carroll. The imaginary bird. A remonstrance.

"OSCAR," said Carroll, "do you see that little tuft on the limb of that tree?"

"Yes," said Oscar.

"I wish it was a bird," said Carroll. "This is the way I would hit him."*

So saying, Carroll drew back his arm, and Oscar saw that he had a stone in his hand.

"No," said Oscar, hastily, "don't fire."

Carroll paid no attention to this injunction, but threw the stone. It passed very swiftly through the air, and struck the limb of the tree pretty near the tuft which to Carroll's imagination had represented a bird. The tree stood, with others, near a high wall, which was surmounted by a small iron palisade, terminating above in iron spikes. The stone which Carroll had thrown glanced from the tree and went over the wall.

"Carroll," said Oscar, "that is dangerous. There might be somebody going by along the road."

* See Frontispiece.

Carroll did not reply to this suggestion, but it was plain that he paid very little regard to it.

There was another boy with Oscar and Carroll at this time. He was sitting on the seat near them, intent all the time on making a wind-mill.

The seat was a stone seat in a corner, at the end of a little green plat of ground used by the boys for a play-ground. Over the seat there was a trellis which was covered with a grape-vine. This made the seat very cool and shady.

The name of the boy that was making the wind-mill was Mark. He was a very bright-looking boy, with a countenance animated and expressive, and beaming black eyes.

The little grass play-ground where these boys were at this time was near their father's house. It was between the house and the garden. There was a low but very pretty paling fence between the play-ground and the yard of the house, and another between it and the garden, with a gate in each, leading through. The front of the play-ground was upon the street, and the high wall surmounted by the iron paling, that has already been mentioned, was on that side. The wall was so high that persons passing along the street could not look over to see what was going on in the play-ground.

Immediately after this conversation about the bird, the attention of both Oscar and Carroll was directed toward the wall by Mark, who pointed that way with his knife, exclaiming at the same time, in a tone of wonder,

"Boys, look there!"

A stranger. The lodged kite. Recovery of it.

Oscar and Carroll immediately looked in the direction indicated, and there they saw, through the iron paling that surmounted the wall, the head and face of a boy, who appeared to have climbed up on the outside. He was holding himself up by his hands, which were seen clasping the bars of the paling on each side. He seemed to have raised himself up in that way, and to be holding on with his hands so as to look through to the play-ground.

The complexion of the boy was of a dark olive color, and his hair was black and glossy. His eyes, too, were black, and very brilliant.

The boys gazed at him for a moment in silence, and then Mark, for want of any thing else to say, accosted him with,

"How are you?"

"How are you yourself?" said the strange boy.

Mark laughed at this reply, but did not answer.

"Do you want that kite taken down from that high tree?" said the boy.

As he said this, he turned his head back a little and looked up toward a small kite which had lodged upon one of the topmost branches of a very high tree that grew in a corner of the play-ground. The kite, though small, was a very pretty one. It belonged to Mark. It had lodged on the tree a day or two before.

"Yes," said Mark, "I should like it very much. But nobody can get up there to get it."

The strange boy began at once to pull himself up by his hands to the top of the wall, which, after some scrambling, he succeeded in doing. He crept along the top of the wall, clinging as he did

so to the palisade until he reached the place nearest the tree. Here he stopped, and extending his hands up to a limb which overhung the wall, he caught hold of it and pulled himself up among the branches of the tree.

"He is a sailor-boy," said Oscar—"or, at least, he is dressed like a sailor-boy."

"And he *climbs* like a monkey," said Carroll.

The strange boy did indeed seem to climb like a monkey, for he went up straight among the branches of the tree, just as a man would go up a ladder, until he reached almost the top, and then he began to work his way out, hand over hand, toward the end of the limb where the kite was dangling. Here, clinging to the limb with one hand, he disengaged the kite with the other, resting his feet all the time by the tips of his toes on a branch below.

As soon as he had got the kite disengaged, he took the bow of it between his teeth, so as to have both of his hands at liberty, and then worked his way back toward the body of the tree. He then came down as fast as he went up. At length he reached the wall.

By this time, Mark, followed by Oscar and Carroll, had gone out under the tree, and stood there looking up to him, and as soon as he reached the wall Mark called out to him to drop the kite down to the ground.

"Drop it to me," said he, "and I will catch it."

"No," said the sailor-boy, "I will bring it round to you."

"You need not go round," said Carroll; "you can climb down this side."

"No," said the sailor-boy, "I must go round and get Joliba."

The boys are afraid that Timboo has gone off with the kite.

So saying, the sailor-boy, holding the kite still in his mouth, let himself down from the palisade on the outside of the wall, and disappeared from view.

The three boys left in the play-ground looked at each other astonished, and seemed not to know what to say.

"Now he has run off with that kite," said Carroll, "I have not a doubt."

"What did he mean by Joliba?" asked Mark.

"Nothing at all," said Carroll. "That was only to make fools of us. He has run off with that kite, you may depend."

On hearing this alarming announcement, Mark set off immediately, followed by Oscar and Carroll, to run out of the play-ground to the yard, with a view of going out to the gate there which led to the street, in order to see whether the sailor-boy was really going to run away with his kite. His fears, however, soon proved to be unfounded, for the three boys had gone but a very few steps before they saw the sailor-boy coming into the play-ground to meet them. He had the kite in one of his hands, and a sort of cane, with a straight piece across the top of it, in the other. But, instead of paying any attention to either the kite or the cane, the eyes and the thoughts of the three boys were instantly engrossed by another object, which filled them with astonishment. This was nothing less than a large parrot, splendidly dressed in green and gold, that stood on the sailor-boy's shoulder as he walked along.

The three boys advanced to meet the stranger, gazing all the time upon the parrot, and saying nothing except to utter inarticulate expressions of wonder and delight.

Timboo comes back. His parrot. Astonishment of the boys.

"What a splendid bird!" said Mark. "Is it a parrot?"

"Yes," said the boy; "and his name is Joliba."

Carroll put out his hand, intending to stroke the glossy feathers of the bird on the back of his head, in token of kindness and good-will.

"Don't touch him!" exclaimed the sailor-boy, suddenly. "He'll bite."

"What makes him bite?" said Carroll.

"Because he's a fool," said the sailor-boy. "He has not got common sense."

"What's his name, did you say?" asked Mark.

"His name is Joliba," replied the sailor-boy.

"And what's your name?" asked Oscar.

"Why, the best name that I have got," said the sailor-boy, "is Timboo. Another name is Munkie. They call me Bob, too, sometimes, and Kanack. But I don't like any of my names very well, and I am going to get a new one."

The boys were silent for a moment on hearing this extraordinary reply, not knowing exactly what to make of such a confusion of names. At length, however, Carroll said,

"But you like Timboo the best of all the names that you have got now?"

"Yes," said Timboo.

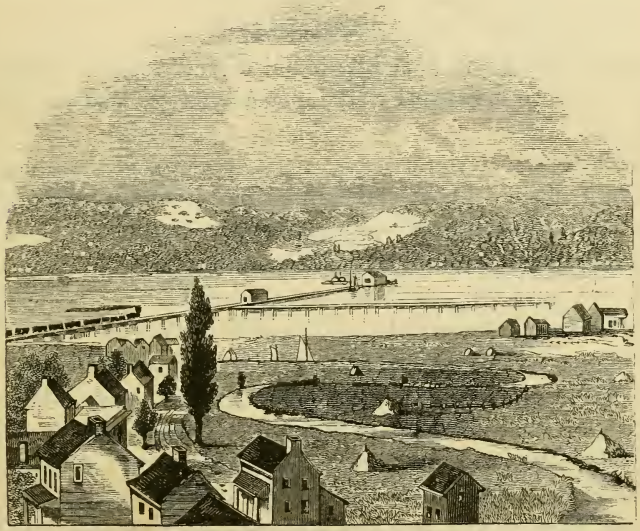
"And where did you come from?" asked Carroll.

"I came up from New York," said Timboo.

The place where these incidents occurred was near a pleasant village on the shores of the Tappan Sea, between twenty and thirty

View of Piermont, on the North River.

miles up the North River, above the city of New York, and nearly opposite to Piermont, where the great Erie rail-road comes out to the river.



PIERMONT, AND THE TAPPAN SEA.

"Where did you get that parrot?" asked Carroll.

"The captain gave him to me," replied Timboo.

"And what are you going to do with him?" asked Carroll.

"I'm going to keep him," said Timboo.

"And where are you going?" asked Carroll.

"I'm traveling along the country, trying to find some work,"

Timboo bargains for some bread and butter. Prudence.

said Timboo. "I've been to sea, but I don't like that, and now I'm trying to get some work ashore."

"And you can't find any, can you?" asked Carroll.

"Yes," said Timboo, "I've found *some*."

"What have you found?" asked Mark.

"Why, I've found your kite to get down," replied Timboo.

"No, but we mean real work, such as you get paid for," rejoined Carroll.

"Well, I expect you will pay me for that," said the sailor-boy.

"Oh, I did not know you wanted us to pay you for it," said Mark. "I thought you were doing it for nothing."

"No," replied Timboo, "I want you to pay me."

"What must we give you?" asked Carroll.

"A piece of bread and butter," replied Timboo.

The boys all laughed at this, and Carroll said that they were very willing to give him a piece of bread and butter for his pay.

"Run in, Mark," he added, "and get him a piece."

So Mark, who was very much pleased with recovering his kite, ran off toward the house, and told Prudence, the girl who had charge of the kitchen, that they had got the queerest boy out in the play-ground that she ever saw, and that he, that is, Mark, wanted a piece of bread and butter for him. So Prudence gave Mark a large piece of bread and butter. It was not, however, nearly as large as Mark wished to take, but Prudence, whose character corresponded with her name, told him that she thought he had better take a moderate quantity first, and then, after the boy had eaten that, if he wanted any more, she would give it to him.

The stone seat. Timboo places Joliba on his perch.

CHAPTER II.

JOLIBA.

When Mark came back with the bread and butter, he gave it to Timboo, and invited him, at the same time, to come and sit down on the stone seat and eat it.

"And then we can see your parrot in the mean time," said Mark.

"No," said Timboo, "I can't let you see Joliba any more; but I shall be very glad if you will let me come and sit down on the seat, and rest while I eat my dinner."

"Well," said Carroll, "you may come, but I don't see how you will prevent our seeing Joliba in the mean time."

"I shall cover him up," said Timboo.

So saying, Timboo walked along toward the stone seat, carrying his cross-headed cane in his hand, his parrot remaining all the time on his shoulder. As soon as he reached the seat, he pushed the lower end of the cane down into the ground a little way, so as to make it stand upright of itself, like a stake. He then took the parrot off his shoulder, and set him on the cross-piece on the top.

"There, Joliba," said he, "stand there till I get ready to chain you."

The parrot took the place on his perch which his young master thus assigned him, stepping with great dignity back and forth upon it for a minute or two, and then standing still. Standing

Joliba's shackle and chain. Timboo feeds Joliba.

there, he turned his head this way and that, and looked very significantly at the company of boys that were gathered around him. As he did this, his countenance wore so comical an expression that the boys laughed outright, and began to caper up and down before him in high glee; but Joliba, though he looked at them all very earnestly, continued perfectly sober.

Timboo put his hand in his pocket and took out a small iron chain. The chain had a little shackle at one end of it, and a catch or snap at the other end. Timboo put the shackle upon one of Joliba's legs, and fastened it there. The shackle was covered with cloth, so as not to hurt the parrot when it was put on. Timboo then attached the snap which was at the other end of the chain to a small ring that was fastened to the side of the cane, just below the cross-piece, and thus the bird was secured.

"I should not think he would like to be chained up in that way," said Carroll.

"He does not like it," said Timboo; "and if he was not such a fool, he need not be. But he is the greatest fool you ever saw. He has not common sense."

So saying, Timboo broke off a piece of the crust of his bread and gave it to Joliba. Joliba took the crust in one of his claws, and standing on the other, he began to bite off pieces to eat, looking about all the time upon the boys around him, eyeing first one and then the other with a countenance full of the most solemn gravity.

"Does he live on bread?" asked Carroll.

"No," said Timboo, "not altogether. He will eat nuts, and

Joliba persuades himself to sing a song.

apples, and almost any thing else that you have a mind to give him."

Here Joliba suddenly stopped eating his bread, and began to ask himself to sing.

"Come, Jollie," said he, in a coaxing tone of voice, "sing us a tune."

Then he began to sing, in a very comical manner,

"*Love-ly Ro-sa—*"

Here he suddenly stopped, pretending to be out of humor, and not willing to sing any more, and then began to coax himself to go on, in a very entreating tone of voice:

"Come, Jollie! ah now, Jollie! Come, Jollie, sing!"

Then he would begin to sing again, and then stop and coax himself, and then sing, alternately, as follows:

"*Love-ly Ro-sa, Sam-bo come.*"

"Come, Polly! Polly! Go on, Polly! Sing!"

"*Love-ly Ro-sa, Sam-bo come,*
Don't you hear the—"

"Ah, Jollie! Come, Jollie, sing!"

"*Love-ly Ro-sa, Sam-bo come,*
Don't you hear the ban-jo? tum, tum, tum."

The boys were at first struck dumb with amazement at this performance, and stood looking on in silent wonder. As it proceeded, however, they began to laugh, and before Joliba got through, they almost completely overwhelmed the musician with their prolonged

Picture of Joliba and his audience. The piece of bunting.

and continual peals of laughter. Timboo, who had often heard this performance before, stood by all the time, with a quiet smile upon his face, and as soon as he had finished, he said,

"There, Jollie, that will do. Now cover up your head and be still."

JOLIBA.

So saying, he took out of his pocket a small square piece of red bunting,* and spread it over Joliba, as he stood on his cross, so as

* Bunting is a very light and thin kind of stuff, which flags and banners are made of. Timboo had obtained the piece of bunting which he used for Joliba from an old flag which had got worn out on board ship.

Timboo covers Joliba up to hide him.

to cover him up entirely. Joliba made no resistance, and when the bunting was placed over him, he stood perfectly still and immovable under it, as if he had been a wooden image of a parrot instead of a living bird.

"There!" said Timboo. "Now I can eat my bread and butter."

So he sat down on the stone seat and began his dinner.

"What do you put that red covering on the parrot for?" asked Mark.

"So as to prevent you from seeing him," said Timboo.

"Why are you not willing that we should see him?" asked Mark.

"I am willing," said Timboo, "if you will only show me something of yours that is as pretty as he is."

"But I have not got any thing that is half as pretty as he is," said Mark.

"Have not you got *any thing* to show me?" asked Timboo.

"Why—no," said Mark. "I can't think of any thing."

"Is that your garden out there?" asked Timboo.

"Yes," said Mark; "that is, it is my father's."

"If it was only yours," said Timboo, "you might let me go and see that."

"Oh, you may go and see the garden as much as you please," said Carroll, "if that will satisfy you."

Carroll knew perfectly well that neither his father nor mother would have any objection to Timboo's going into the garden with them, or to any other place, in fact, on the premises. The truth was, that the father of these boys was a man so full of business

that he was kept away from home almost all the time, so that the garden and the grounds about his house, as well as the yards and the out-buildings, were all somewhat neglected. Mr. Cheveril, for that was his name, took very little interest in his grounds, and did not care who went into them. It is true, he would have liked very well indeed to have had his garden and grounds kept in nice order, but he had no time to attend to the business himself, and though he used often to urge his boys to spend a part of their time in useful works of this kind instead of devoting themselves wholly to play, they paid very little heed to these instructions, and the grounds were very much neglected. Thus Carroll knew that there could be no objection to his taking the strange boy into the garden, if for any reason he chose to do so.

Timboo did not, however, seem disposed to go immediately into the garden, but turned his attention first to the work which Mark was executing. He asked Mark what his name was. When Mark had answered this question, he asked him what he was making.

"A wind-mill," said Mark. "I tried to make a boat first, but I could not, and now I am trying to make a wind-mill. See!" he added.

As he said See, he took up a block of wood which lay on the seat by the side of him, and which presented somewhat the appearance of a boat. The bows were partly formed, and on the bottom of the block a keel was marked out and partly shaped. There were also marks on the top of rude attempts made to dig out the boat inside.

Timboo took the boat and examined it carefully.

Timboo examines Mark's knife. His criticisms upon its condition.

"Yes," said he. "The difficulty is, you did not lay out your work properly."

"And besides," said Mark, "my knife was not sharp enough. It takes a very sharp knife to make a boat."

"Let me see your knife," said Timboo.

Mark gave Timboo the knife, and Timboo, on looking at it, uttered an exclamation of contempt.

"Whose knife is this?" said he.

"Carroll's," said Mark.

"Is that Carroll?" asked Timboo, pointing to Carroll.

"Yes," said Mark.

"How old are you?" said Timboo to Carroll.

"Almost eleven," said Carroll.

Timboo here uttered another exclamation of contempt, and then holding out the knife, he said, "I never expected to see such a knife as that belonging to a boy almost eleven years old. Three notches in the blade—point broken off—and edge all gone."

Timboo held out the knife, as he said this, for Carroll and the other boys to see, and then ended with another exclamation of contempt.

"Why, it was a very good knife," said Carroll, "but it got dull."

"That's the very thing," said Timboo. "Who would have thought that a boy eleven years old would keep his knife in such a condition as that? Have not you got a grindstone?"

"Yes," said Mark; "there is one out in the tool-room."

"Then," said Timboo, "let us go and grind the knife the very first thing."

The boys go off toward the tool-room. Timboo's scruples.

CHAPTER III.

THE SPLICING.

THE group of boys went off together, guided by Carroll, toward the tool-room. The way led through a sort of yard in the rear of the house, where there were several out-buildings. At length they reached a door, and, ascending the steps, Carroll said,

"This is the way. The grindstone is in here."

Timboo, however, stopped at the door, and began to inquire what sort of a place the tool-room was, and whether there were many tools in it. Carroll said that it was a sort of shop, and that it was full of tools.

"Then," said Timboo, "you must go and ask your mother if I may go into it."

"Oh ho!" exclaimed Carroll, laughing, "she won't care at all. Any body goes into it."

But Timboo insisted that he would not go in without regular permission, and so Mark was sent in to find his mother, and obtain from her the authority that Timboo required.

In a few minutes Mark returned, and said that his mother was not in the house. "Prudence says," he added, "that she has gone out to walk."

"Then you must go and ask Prudence," said Timboo.

"Oh, nonsense," said Carroll, "nonsense! Come in at once. Prudence don't care a fig whom we take into the tool-room."

Timboo persists in refusing to go into the tool-room without permission.

Timboo said nothing in reply to this, but sat down upon the step of the door, and began looking around the yard with a very composed and quiet expression of countenance.

"What are you going to do?" asked Carroll.

"I am going to wait here until you get leave from Prudence to take me into the tool-room," replied Timboo.

Carroll laughed, and said that if Timboo insisted upon it, he would go. He accordingly ran off into the kitchen, and told Prudence that there was a strange boy out there who was going to help them grind their knife in the shop, but that he would not go into the shop unless Prudence, or somebody else in the house, would give him leave.

Prudence was ironing at a pleasant little table near a window when Carroll went in, and on hearing the extraordinary statement which Carroll made, she stopped her work, and looked toward him as if she did not understand what he could mean.

"What foolish trick is it that you are going to play upon me now?" said she.

"It is no foolish trick at all," said Carroll. "It is really and truly just as I say."

"He must be a very uncommon boy," said Prudence, "to be so careful not to do any thing but what he is allowed to do. I'll warrant he don't belong in any of *these* parts."

So saying, Prudence began ironing again with great diligence.

"He does not belong in these parts," rejoined Carroll. "He says he came from New York; but he looks as if he came from beyond seas."

Carroll goes to ask Prudence. The conversation.

"Yes," said Prudence, "I'll warrant he did. We don't have many such boys as that about here."

"Well, say he may go, Prudence," said Carroll.

"It is nothing to me," said Prudence. "I don't care where he goes."

"Well, you must say he may go, or else he won't go, and I want to have my knife ground."

Prudence supposed that Carroll was only making a fool of her by telling this story, and so she was unwilling to give a direct answer, as she did not wish to appear to believe it. Carroll was in the habit of often attempting to tease her, and play tricks upon her in various ways, and this made her very suspicious and distrustful in respect to every thing that he said.

"Come, Prudence," added Carroll, after a pause, "say he may go."

"Yes," said she, "he may go any where you choose to take him, provided you don't bring him here."

So Carroll ran back, and reported that he had obtained formal authority from Prudence to take Timboo wherever he chose.

On going into the shop, Timboo found every thing in a condition of great disorder. The floor was covered with litter of all sorts, consisting of shavings, chips, pieces of board, broken tools, and unfinished jobs of carpentry of all kinds, which the boys had undertaken from time to time, and abandoned before they had completed them. The bench was in confusion too, being covered with boards half planed, boxes half nailed together, and tools of all sorts lying in disorder, and mostly broken, or otherwise disabled.

Timboo's opinion of the shop. They want some water.

"Is this your shop?" said Timboo, as he looked round and surveyed the scene.

"Yes," said Carroll, "ours and father's."

"Well, I think it is a disgrace to you," said Timboo.

The boys had nothing to reply to this blunt remark. They looked around the shop, and saw that it was indeed in a wretched plight—worse, in fact, than they had supposed, until their attention was particularly called to the condition of it. Carroll began immediately to put things a little together on the bench.

"Why, you see," said he, "we usually have it in better order; but I have been making a rabbit-house, and have not got the bench cleared up."

"The first thing," said Timboo, "is to grind the knife, and we want some water."

"Well," said Carroll, "we will have some. Mark, you go and ask Prudence to lend us a little pail, and then pump it full of water, and bring it here."

"No," said Mark, "I can't go; it is to grind *your* knife, and so you ought to go yourself."

"But then we are going to grind the knife," said Carroll, "in order to make a boat for you, and so *you* ought to go. Besides," he continued, "Prudence would not lend me a pail, you know."

"Nor me either," said Mark. "She says I never bring back the things I borrow."

"Then Oscar must go," said Carroll. "Come, Oscar, go and get us some water, that's a good fellow."

Prudence's curiosity is excited. She comes to see Timboo.

Oscar made no objection, but, before he had time to answer, Timboo said that he would go himself.

"She'll lend *me* the pail, I know," said he.

So Timboo walked off out of the shop, and the other boys, whose curiosity and wonder had become greatly excited by Timboo's sayings and doings, followed him to see how he would manage the case.

Now Prudence, whom Carroll had found ironing in the kitchen when he went in to see her before, had left her ironing, and had come out into the yard while the boys had been talking in the shop. The fact was that her curiosity had been somewhat excited by what Carroll had told her about the strange boy who would not go into the shop without regular permission. She thought, indeed, that Carroll was fooling her, but she was not sure, and she felt some curiosity to know what the truth of the case really was. So, as soon as Carroll had gone, she put down her flat-iron and crept out slyly after him, to see whether there was really any strange boy there or not. She got a glimpse of Timboo just as the boys were going into the shop, and her curiosity was so strongly excited by his strange appearance, and especially by his very dark complexion and his foreign air, that she walked along softly, and began to look in through a sort of crevice that she found where a blind was nearly shut to, in one of the windows, to get a longer if not a better view of him. When, however, the boys all started together to go into the house for water, she ran back, intending to get to her work in the kitchen again before they came; but, finding that she would not have time to do that, she stopped in

Prudence's clothes-line. The mechanism of it.

the yard, and began to busy herself in taking in the clothes-line, pretending not to see the boys who were coming.

Now Prudence's clothes-line was one of a very peculiar and ingenious kind, being made to pass through pulleys, one of which was fastened to the top of every post in such a manner that when the line was to be taken in, all that Prudence had to do was to unfasten it at the farther end, and then, by turning a sort of reel which was secured to a post near the door, the line was drawn through all the pulleys and wound up on the reel. This was the original plan and design of the apparatus, but in process of time the line had got broken in one or two places, and in tying it again, knots had been made which would not pass through the pulleys, and so the line would no longer wind up. So Prudence was obliged to give up the pulleys and *tie* her clothes-line around the tops of the posts, and this made her a great deal of trouble. She was busily employed in untying the rope from the tops of the posts and winding it up, when the boys approached.

Timboo came foremost, and as soon as he came near to where Prudence was standing, he took off his hat to her in a very respectful manner.

"We came to see if you would let us have a little water," said he, "for the grindstone. But what is the reason that you don't reeve your line through those blocks?"

"Because there are some knots in it," said Prudence, "and so it won't go through."

"Oh, but there should not be any knots in it," said Timboo. "When it breaks it ought to be *spliced*, and not tied, and then it

Timboo wants a marline-spike. He is going to splice the clothes-line.

will run just as if it were whole. I would splice the rope for you where it is tied if I only had a marline-spike.

"Have you got a marline-spike among your tools?" he added, turning to Carroll.

"No," said Carroll; "and, besides, I don't know what a marline-spike is."

"I might have known that you would not have a marline-spike," said Timboo; "but I can make one, perhaps, out of wood."

Then turning again to Prudence, he added,

"If you will let me have your clothes-line, I will splice it where it is broken, and then you can reeve it through the blocks just as if it was a whole line."

Prudence said that she should be very glad to have this done. So she stepped down from the chair that she was standing on, near one of the posts, and put the part of the line that she had already gathered into Timboo's hands. Timboo untied the remainder of it from the rest of the posts, and then was proceeding with it toward the shop, when Carroll called to him to know if he was not going first to grind the knife.

"No," said Timboo, "I'm going to splice Prudence's clothes-line first."

"But I want the knife ground as soon as possible," said Carroll, "so as to make Mark's boat."

"You'll have to wait," said Timboo, coolly. "I am going to splice the clothes-line first."

"But I don't see any reason why I should wait any more than Prudence," replied Carroll.

Timboo talks to the boys while splicing the clothes-line.

"It is not of much consequence," rejoined Timboo, "whether you see the reason or not. There *is* a reason."

So saying, Timboo walked off to the shop, and selecting there, from a number of small blocks which lay scattered about upon the floor, a piece of hard wood suitable for his purpose, he began to form a marline-spike from it by means of a hatchet and a chisel.

A marline-spike, as used on board ship, is an iron pin about ten inches long. It is an inch or two in thickness at the large end, and it is brought to a point at the other end. It is used for making holes between the strands of a rope, for the insertion of other strands between, in splicing, and for other similar purposes.

When Timboo had finished his marline-spike, he went back with it into the yard, the other boys following him. Prudence had gone in. The line, however, had been left out, and Timboo, taking it with him to the steps of the door, and sitting down there, with the other boys around him, commenced splicing the rope.

"You see," said he, as soon as he was fairly engaged, "the reason why I do Prudence's work first is that it is always best to be on good terms with the girl in the kitchen. There is always something or other that you are wanting her to do for you. You want her to give you a drink of water, or to lend you a mug, or a pail, or to give you some of the nut-cakes that she is frying, or something of that kind."

"Yes," said Carroll; "but Prudence will scarcely ever give me any nuts."

"That's a bad sign for *you*," said Timboo.

"Why?" asked Carroll.

"Why, that's a sign," replied Timboo, "that you never do any thing to help her. Perhaps you even tease and trouble her."

Carroll was silent.

"If you do," said Timboo, "you are just exactly such a fool as Joliba is."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Carroll.

"Why, Joliba, you see," replied Timboo, "doesn't know how to make friends in the least. He always makes enemies instead of friends. If there was any body on board ship that he specially needed to have for his friend, he would bite and snap at them just as quick as he would any body else, and so make them hate him. There was Gallie, for instance."

"Who was Gallie?" asked Carroll.

"Gallie," replied Timboo, "was a cook in one of the vessels that Jollie and I sailed in once. She had a little place on deck, where she cooked the food for the captain and the sailors. Gallie took a fancy to Joliba, and if Joliba had only kept friendship with her, she would have taken great care of him, and would have given him every day the nicest things to eat. But Joliba was too much of a fool. The first day that Gallie brought him something, he bit her—the very first day."

"How did it happen?" asked Oscar.

"Why, it was a piece of an apple," said Timboo, "and apples were very scarce on board ship at that time, I can assure you. The captain had a few, and he had had some at dinner that day, and Gallie saved a piece of one expressly for Joliba. She carried it to him where he was standing, on the fluke of the spare an-

Timboo relates how Joliba bit the colored cook.

chor. She carried some nuts, too, with the apple. Joliba took the piece of apple, and then holding it in his paw, he snapped at Gallie to pay her, and bit her in the thumb."

"What did he do it for?" asked Mark.

"I don't know," said Timboo: "for fun, I suppose, or because he was a fool. Just the same reasons as that boys sometimes plague and trouble the folks that they most need to have for their friends."

"What did Gallie say?" asked Carroll.

"Oh, she was in a dreadful rage. 'You green imp of mischief!' said she, 'what have you been biting me for? I've a great mind to throw you overboard. The next time you get any nuts and apples from me, you may call me a chimpanzee.' So she threw the nuts that she had brought him in his face, and went away in a rage."

JOLIBA AND GALLIE.

"And what did Joliba do then?"

"Oh, he didn't care," said Timboo. "He began to say, 'Come, Polly, do sing us a song! Come, Polly! That's a good Polly! Love-ly Ro-sa, Sam-bo come.' And then he stopped, and began to eat his apple."

Here the three boys laughed loud and long, being greatly amused

Mark gives an account of some of Carroll's tricks.

at the story which Timboo had told them. At length, when the laugh had subsided, Mark said that he should not have thought that Joliba would have acted so.

"He would not have acted so," said Timboo, "if he had had the sense of a new-born polliwog. But parrots have no sense at all. There is nothing that has so little sense, that I ever knew, except, in fact, some boys."

Here there was a pause for a few minutes, during which Timboo went on busily with his splicing, the other boys standing silently by and watching the work. At length Mark said,

"Carroll plagues Prudence sometimes."

"How does he plague her?" asked Timboo.

"Why, he makes a noise in the kitchen," replied Mark, "and leaves the doors open, and then he plays tricks upon her."

"What kind of tricks?" asked Timboo.

"Why, the other day," said Mark, "she wanted to get up upon the hogshead to do something to the spout, to make the water run better into the hogshead from the roof. So she put a board across the top of the hogshead, and set a chair by the side of it, and then she asked Carroll to hold the chair steady for her while she got up. So Carroll held the chair until she got up, and then he took it up and ran away with it, and so left Prudence up on the top of the hogshead where she could not get down."

Carroll laughed. Mark and Oscar smiled too; but Timboo continued perfectly sober.

"Why, I only did it for fun," said Carroll.

"Yes," said Timboo, "that was exactly the reason that Joliba

The boys wish to go and get Joliba. Joliba tries to bite.

bit Gallie, I suppose. At any rate, it made a great deal of fun, for all the sailors laughed at Gallie, and pointed at her, and she went away dreadfully ashamed and confounded. I think, if any thing, Joliba made the most fun of the two."

"I wonder what Joliba is doing now?" asked Carroll. "Will it do to leave him alone so long?"

"Yes," said Timboo, "it will do very well, for he can't get away, and when he is alone he can't do any mischief. I have to leave him alone a great deal, because I can't trust him. I suppose that he would like very well to come here now and be with us; and if he had sense enough to behave well, I'd bring him; but ten to one he would be in some mischief or other in five minutes. If *I* were a parrot, I would manage so that people would always want me with them."

"Let me go and bring him here," said Carroll.

"Is it to be at your risk or mine?" said Timboo.

"At mine," said Carroll.

"Well," replied Timboo, "you may go and try."

So Carroll ran off toward the play-ground to find the parrot, and Oscar and Mark, wishing to see what would happen, went too. As soon as they reached the place, Carroll took the piece of bunting very carefully off Joliba's head. Joliba, however, instead of appearing gratified for this favor, seized the opportunity, the instant that his head was free, to snap at Carroll and try to bite him.

"You little fool," said Carroll, "what are you trying to bite me for? I am only going to carry you to a pleasanter place."

Picture of Carroll bringing Joliba along.

"Come, Polly!" said Joliba; "Polly! Pol-ll-ly, Polly! Come, Pol-l-ly! sing us a song!"

The boys all laughed, and then Carroll, taking hold of the perch near the ground, where his hands were entirely beyond the parrot's reach, pulled it up, and carried it along, bird and all, toward the place where they had left Timboo. Joliba kept trying to bite him all the way.

CARRYING JOLIBA.

CHAPTER IV.

WORK IN THE GARDEN.

TIMBOO executed his splicing in a very neat and workmanlike manner; so much so, that the rope, at the places where it was mended, was scarcely larger than at any other place, and it would

Timboo gives Prudence the line. He proceeds to grind the knife.

run through the pulleys at those points just as if it had not been broken at all.

Prudence came out to look at the work just before it was finished. Timboo received her in a very respectful manner. He took off his hat when she came up to the place, and then showed her what he had been doing to the rope, and explained it to her, speaking all the time in a very respectful and gentle tone of voice. Finally, he gave her the rope, and then went out into the shop with the other boys, in order to grind the knife, according to the original plan.

"It must be understood," said Timboo, "that if I grind this knife for you, you are to do as much for me."

"What can we do for you?" asked Carroll.

"You must do whatever I say," replied Timboo; "that is, provided that it is reasonable."

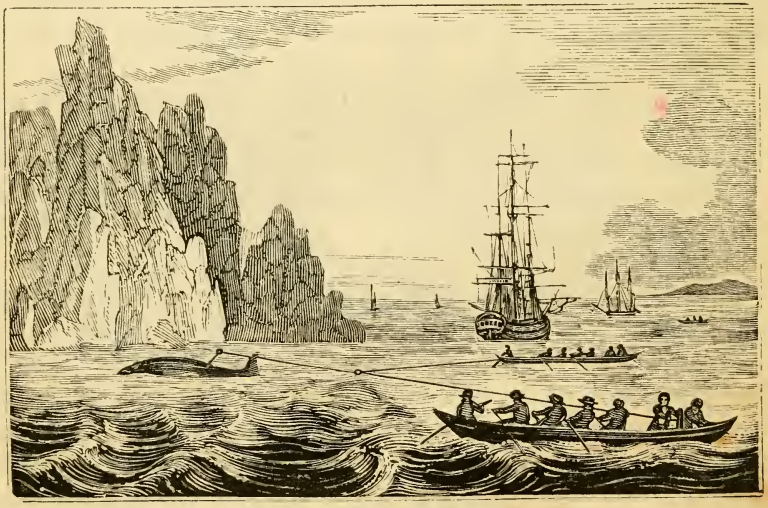
"Well," said Carroll, "we will."

"Then it is all agreed," rejoined Timboo, "and so we will grind the knife."

Timboo knew very well how to grind a knife, although this is an operation which requires considerable judgment and skill. As he held the blade upon the stone, the other boys turned the stone, one after another, each one giving place to the next after making twenty revolutions. The gaps in the edge of the blade gradually disappeared, and the edge became straight and smooth. Timboo also ground the *end* of the blade, so as to make a new point where the old one had been broken off. All this time he continued talking to the boys; and he amused them a great deal by the stories

he told them of Joliba and of the sea, and by his queer and piquant remarks on every subject that came up.

One story that he told them, and it was one which interested them very much, was about his being on board a whaling ship at one time, among icebergs, when two boats made fast to one whale, and were drawn through the water after him with great velocity.



THE WHALE AND THE TWO BOATS.

When the grinding was finished, Timboo honed the blade of the knife, using for this purpose a hone which he found upon the work-bench. At last he said that he thought the edge was in good or-

Timboo says that now the boys must work for him.

der, and he took up a piece of wood that lay upon the floor to try it. It cut like a razor.

"Let me try it," said Carroll.

So Timboo gave Carroll the knife, and after Carroll had tried it, Oscar and Mark wished to try it too. They were all exceedingly pleased with the operation of it.

"Now," said Mark, "you must come and finish my boat."

"No," replied Timboo, "I have worked long enough for you now. You must go and work a while for me before I do any thing more."

"Well," said Carroll, "what shall we do for you?"

"Let us look about," said Timboo, "and see what there is to be done for me."

So saying, Timboo went out of the shop, the other boys following him, and wondering what he was going to do next. In fact, the more they saw of him, the more they wondered at all his sayings and doings.

Timboo led the way from the shop into the yard, and was intending to go thence into the play-ground, where he had first seen the boys, but Carroll stopped him to ask what he was going to do with Joliba in the mean time. As Carroll asked this question, he turned toward the place where he had left the bird, which was near the door where Timboo had been seated when splicing the rope. The parrot was still there, on his perch, covered with the bunting, and Prudence, who had not seen Joliba when she came out before, but who had now just discovered him, was standing near, looking at the perch, and at the bunting that covered it, and wondering all the time what it could be that she saw moving under it.

"What is this, Carroll?" said she.

"Lift up and see," said Carroll, in a loud voice, speaking to Prudence. Then, speaking in a lower tone to the other boys near him, he added, "Don't say a word. Let her lift up the bunting, and we will see if Joliba will bite her."

"It is a parrot," said Timboo, calling out quick and loud to Prudence. "He'll bite. Wait a minute, and I'll come and show him to you."

So Timboo ran along to the place where Prudence was standing, and pulling the bunting off, and then unhooking the chain, took the parrot in his hands.

"Come down here, Libbie," said he, "and show yourself."

So saying, he rolled the parrot over and over in his hands, as if it had been a kitten that he was playing with. The parrot took hold of Timboo's fingers gently with his claws and with his beak, and allowed himself to be rolled over and over, and tumbled about in the most unceremonious manner.

"It is my parrot," said Timboo. "His name is Joliba."

"I thought you said he would bite," said Prudence.

"He won't bite *me*," said Timboo, "but he will bite any body else that touches him. He has got just sense enough to know not to bite me, and that is all the sense he has got."

After Prudence had looked at the parrot as much as she wished, Timboo fastened him again, and the boys went away. As they passed the corner of the house, Mark pointed to a hogshead which stood there under the spout to catch water from the roof.

"There," said he, "that is the hogshead that Carroll kept Pru-

dence standing on the top of so long, when she climbed up to fix the spout."

Carroll laughed.

"What was the matter with the spout?" asked Timboo.

"I don't know," said Mark. "They had just put a new hogshead there, and the spout was not placed right for the water to run into it."

"What was the matter with the old hogshead?" asked Timboo.

"Why, there was a great crack in it," replied Carroll. "The seams in it opened on one side so that it would not hold water, and Prudence asked father to get her a new one. Come round here, and I will show you the old hogshead."

So Carroll led the way round to a very desolate-looking corner between the barn and the shed. There the condemned hogshead lay. The ground around it was covered with stones, and broken pieces of crockery, and rank weeds grew in great abundance against the walls.

"There it is," said Carroll, pointing to the hogshead.

Timboo gazed for a moment on the weeds and rubbish that lay around, and then uttered an exclamation of contempt.

"Is it possible," said he, "that three such boys as you can allow such a place as this on your father's ground?"

"Why, it is nothing to us," said Carroll.

"Nothing to you!" repeated Timboo. "I think it is a great disgrace to you, for my part."

The boys had never thought of the subject in this point of view before, and they were silent. Mark stooped down and took up

The boys go into the corner to see the hogshead.

one broken piece of crockery which lay near his feet, and threw it under the shed out of sight.

"If *I* lived at this house," said Timboo, after a moment's pause, "you'd have to keep these places in better order than this."

"Who would make us?" asked Carroll.

"*I* would make you," said Timboo.

Timboo said this in a very serious tone and manner, or, rather, with a very serious face; but there was a lurking expression of drollery in all that he said and did, that made the boys laugh, however sober he himself might be.

"You may laugh now," said Timboo, "but if I lived here you'd find that you would have something to do soon, in this corner, besides laughing."

So saying, Timboo rolled the hogshead over a little, and began to examine it carefully. It seemed to be tolerably sound and whole in every part, except that there was a crack extending down one side, where one of the staves had become warped and split by the sun. Timboo looked at the hogshead all around, and seemed to be forming some very deep plan respecting it, but he did not speak.

"Very well," said he, at last; "and now I am going to see your garden."

So saying, Timboo led the way to the play-ground, and through the play-ground to the gate that led to the garden. When he reached the gate he stopped and looked in.

"Prudence said that you might take me any where you pleased, did not she?" said Timboo."

They all go into the garden. Timboo proposes some work.

"Yes," said Carroll, "so you need not be afraid to go in here."

Timboo advanced a few steps into the garden, and then began to take a general survey of it. There was a very broad gravel-walk extending down the middle of it, with other narrower walks at the sides. These walks were all more or less overgrown with weeds. The quarters were subdivided by little alleys, all of which looked neglected, and the beds of vegetables, and the borders and parterres of flowers, were all in pretty much the same condition.

Timboo paused in the middle of the great alley, and, after taking a deliberate survey of the whole scene, he said,

"Yes, this is just such a garden as I expected to see."

The boys were silent. They looked about at the alleys and beds, and for a moment said nothing. At length Carroll broke the silence.

"Why, you see," said he, "that father sends a man here now and then to weed the garden and put it in order, but he has not been here now for some time, and the weeds are getting pretty high."

Timboo seemed to take no notice of this remark, but continued to look about the garden.

"Now, boys," said he, after a short pause, "the work that you are to do for me to pay for grinding your knife, and for the boat that I am going to make for you, is to help me about putting this garden in order; and the first thing to be done is to holystone the decks."

What Timboo meant by holystoning the decks of the garden was this. The decks of a ship, being formed of wood, have to be

scoured from time to time, and the sailors perform this work by *holystoning* them, as they call it. The stone which they use is an oblong stone, flat and smooth on the under side, and pretty heavy. There is a ring in each end of the stone, and a rope to each ring. One sailor takes hold of each rope at the farther end of it, and thus they pull the stone to and fro all over the decks, having previously sprinkled sand and water upon them. In this way all the spots are scoured out, and the decks made bright and clean.

So Timboo, by the phrase holystoning the decks in the garden, meant simply cleaning off the alleys.

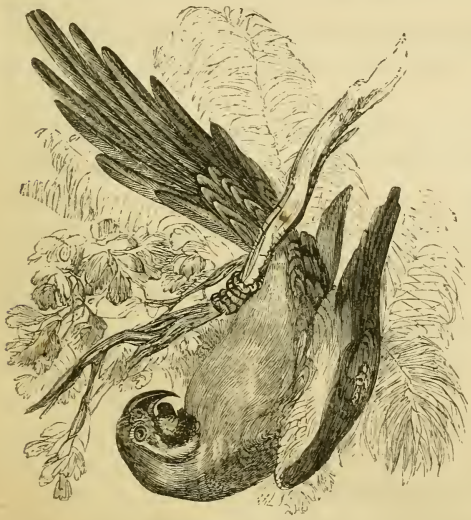
"Let us go and see if we can find some tools," said he.

So he led the way back into the tool-house. There, after considerable searching and rummaging under benches and in corners, the party of boys succeeded in finding two hoes, a rope, a shovel, and a wheelbarrow, all in tolerably good order. With these tools they went back into the garden. They proceeded to the farther end of the great alley, and there they began their work. Timboo arranged their work in the following manner. He took one hoe himself and gave Carroll the other, and the two began at once hoeing over the surface of the walk, so as to kill and get out all the weeds. One took half the breadth of the walk, and the other the other half. In this way they advanced gradually along the walk, cleaning it thoroughly as they proceeded. After them came Mark with a rake, to rake up the weeds into heaps; and, finally, Oscar shoveled them up into the wheelbarrow in the rear. In this way the company advanced along the alley quite rapidly,

Joliba plays in a very comical manner on the trees.

cleaning it in the most complete and thorough manner as they came on.

While the boys were at work in this manner, Timboo, having released Joliba from his chain, allowed him his liberty a little while, taking care, however, to keep a close watch upon him all the time. Joliba played about among the trees, perching on the branches, and swinging himself about head over heels, and performing a great number of similar antics.



JOLIBA ON THE TREES.

After a time, however, Timboo thought it best to confine the parrot again; so he put him on the perch, and sent Carroll to carry him, perch and all, and put him up by the kitchen door.

"He shall stay there until we get our work done," said Timboo.

Timboo amused the boys so much while they were at work by his lively conversation, and by the droll stories which he told them, that the time passed away very rapidly and very pleasantly; and after the grand alley had been finished, he went on with

the side alleys. In this way the party continued their work for more than two hours, and at the end of that time they had gone over all the alleys of the garden, and had put every one of them in good condition.

The loads of weeds, as often as the wheelbarrow became full, were wheeled away, and dumped upon the compost heap behind the barn.

"There!" said Timboo, when the work was done. "Now we will go out and put the tools away, and then I shall be ready to make the boat."

So they went and put the tools away, and then repaired to the seat in the play-ground, and Timboo began in earnest the work of making the boat for Mark.

It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the party of boys remained on the seat for more than an hour talking together while Timboo was working on the boat, and having a very good time. At length, a little after five, Carroll heard the front gate open, and looking up, he saw his father going into the house.

"There's father!" said he.

"Ah!" said Timboo, "is that your father? Then go and ask him to come out here and see the garden."

So Carroll went in, and asked his father to come out. Mr. Cheveril at first said that he could not come, for he was obliged to go directly back to his office. But Carroll was so urgent that finally he said he would come, though he should not be able to stop but a very few minutes.

Mr. Cheveril's opinion of Timboo. Talk about the work.

As soon as Mr. Cheveril entered the play-ground and saw Timboo, he asked what boy that was.

"His name is Timboo," said Carroll.

"He looks like a bright boy," said Mr. Cheveril.

"He *is* a bright boy," said Carroll, "you may depend."

As Mr. Cheveril advanced through the play-ground with Carroll toward the garden gate, Timboo and the other boys left the seat and went out to join him. When Mr. Cheveril reached the gate and looked in, and saw how nice the alleys looked, he seemed quite surprised.

"Whose work is that?" said he.

"It is *mine*," said Timboo. "It is *ours*," said Carroll, both speaking at the same time.

"*Your* work?" said Mr. Cheveril, turning to Timboo: "what put it into your head to go to work for me in my garden for nothing?"

"Well, sir, to tell the truth," said Timboo, "I did not intend to do it for nothing. I was in hopes you would give me something for pay."

"Ah!" said Mr. Cheveril, laughing, "I thought there would be something of that sort to come. However, I am very glad to have my garden put in order, and should like to have you do some more work in it—that is, provided you don't ask too much pay. How much must I give you for what you have done?"

"I don't ask any money," said Timboo. "But there is an old hogshead round behind the shed that you are not going to do any thing with. If you would give me that, I should be satisfied."

Timboo makes a bargain for the old hogshead.

"An old hogshead!" repeated Mr. Cheveril, and he laughed loud and long at the idea. "What in the world would you do with that old hogshead?"

"Why, I should like to have you let me keep it here a while, till I am ready to take it away," said Timboo.

"Well," said Mr. Cheveril, "I've no objection to that, on the whole. Perhaps the old hogshead might sell for a shilling, and what you have done here in the garden, I should think, might be worth as much as that. But, then, my boys helped you, didn't they?"

"Yes, sir," said Carroll, eagerly, "we helped a great deal."

"So that, if they did a part of the work," continued Mr. Cheveril, still speaking to Timboo, "it would seem as if you ought not to have all the pay."

"Yes, sir," said Timboo, "the boys worked, but then it was I that set them at work; and I think that to set such boys as these at work, and to keep them at work two hours, is worth as much as it would be to do it all myself."

"That's a fact," said Mr. Cheveril, and he laughed again very heartily at Timboo's reasoning. Finally, he told Timboo that he agreed to the bargain.

"You may have the old hogshead," said he, "and you may keep it here as long as you like; and if you do any more work in the garden, I'll pay you at the same rate."

"I may want to put something in the hogshead," said Timboo. "May I keep any thing in it I please—any thing, I mean, that is mine?"

"Yes," said Mr. Cheveril, "any thing you please."

Then taking out his watch, and seeming to be surprised to find how late it was, he said that he must go. So he walked rapidly away, laughing as he went, and wondering who and what the strange boy could be.

"He's a queer fellow, at any rate," said Mr. Cheveril to himself. "I'll ask my boys more about him when I come home this evening."

CHAPTER V.

TIMBOO'S LODGINGS.

THE boat which Timboo made for Mark proved, when it was finished, to be a very pretty one. It was made in the fashion of a small sail-boat. It had a keel, and a little rudder, and a nice seat in the stern. There was one mast, and a small bowsprit. As the boys went back to the play-ground after Mr. Cheveril had gone away, Mark said that he wished Timboo would *rig* it for him.

"Ah!" said Timboo, "that shows what the advantage would be if you had Prudence for your friend. If you boys had acted toward her so as to make her your friend, she would have given you some thread, and some cloth of different colors, and then I could have rigged the boat for you, and made sails, and flags, and a little carpet for the bottom of the boat, and cushions for the seats."

"I can get all these things from my mother," said Mark.

"But your mother has gone away," said Timboo.

"Perhaps Fanny has got them," said Mark.

"Who is Fanny?" asked Timboo.

The boys go to the corner. The dell. The spring.

"She is my little sister," said Mark.

"Oh, she would not be big enough," said Timboo. "However, I think that perhaps Prudence will give *me* the things, if I ask her, and I will ask her by-and-by; but now I must go and see my hogshead."

So the boys went all together round to the little corner between the shed and the barn, where the hogshead was lying.

The corner was a snug and pleasant place enough in itself, though it looked very forlorn and desolate on account of its neglected condition. All sorts of rubbish had been thrown there, and weeds and brambles had grown up in great profusion all around. There was a stone wall on one side which helped to inclose the space, and a little group of lilac and rose bushes near it. This group of shrubbery separated the corner from a green slope of land which extended down to a little dell, where there was a spring overshadowed by trees. There was a path leading from the house down to this spring, and this path passed by very near the corner where the hogshead had been thrown.

When Timboo reached the corner, he stopped and looked at it a few minutes in silence. The other boys stood near, wondering what he was going to do.

The first thing that he did was to examine the inside of his hogshead very carefully, to see if there were any nails in it. He found that there were several.

"Now, boys," said he, turning round and looking at the boys, "you may help me or not, just as you please; but if you wish to help me, go and bring me a hammer."

Timboo goes to work upon the hogshead. The boys help him.

"Yes," said Oscar, "I'll help you. I'll go and get the hammer."

So saying, he set off after the hammer. Carroll and Mark, when they found that Oscar was ready to go, offered to go too, for boys, like men, are most ready to join any party, or engage in any work that is proposed to them, when they find that others are ready to embark in the undertaking too. Timboo, however, called Carroll and Mark back, saying that he would give them something else to do.

When Oscar returned with the hammer, Timboo examined the inside of the hogshead very carefully, and knocked down all the points of the nails that he found there. The boys asked him what he was doing that for, and he said that he was going to keep something in his hogshead that he did not wish should get scratched. The boys wondered what it could be, but Timboo did not tell them.

Timboo then selected four of the largest stones which were lying upon the ground there, and after clearing a place for them, he laid them together so as to form a support for the hogshead, and then rolled the hogshead along and placed it upon them in such a manner that two of the stones were on one side of it underneath, near each end, and two on the other. He was careful to place the hogshead on these stones with the crack down.

"You see," said he to the boys, "I want to have the side of the hogshead that is uppermost tight like a roof."

The end of the hogshead was back against the wall, and the head of it, that is, the open part, was out. Timboo took care to

place it square and snug against the wall, and to fix it firm and steady on its stone supports.

"Now," said he, after finishing this work to his satisfaction, "we must clear up the ground."

So the boys all went to work very zealously, Timboo taking the direction, in the work of clearing up the ground. They pulled out all the weeds, and wheeled them off to the compost heap behind the barn. They gathered up all the sticks and stones, and broken crockery, and conveyed them away in the same manner to a place out of sight in the field, where there was a hole to be filled up. They smoothed over the inequalities of the ground with a hoe and a rake, and, finally, they carpeted the place with straw and chaff, which they brought out from the barn, so as to make it dry and comfortable. When all this was done, the whole aspect of the place was entirely changed. The corner had quite a snug and comfortable appearance. The boys said that it would be a very pleasant place for them to come and play in, but they were utterly unable to conjecture what could be the motive and design of Timboo in these strange doings.

"What *are* you doing all this for?" said they.

"It is a secret," said Timboo.

"What can it be that you are going to put in that hogshead?" said they.

"That is a secret," said he.

"Yes, but tell us what it is. We will not tell any body."

"Will you promise positively not to tell any body," said Timboo, "if I will tell you?"

Timboo tells the boys his secret. Their surprise.

Boys are always ready to promise not to divulge a secret when any person proposes to intrust one to them, and Carroll and his brothers readily gave to Timboo the most earnest assurances that if he would tell them what he was going to do, they would not tell any one whatever.

"Well, then," said Timboo, "I am going to sleep in that hogshead myself to-night."

"Oh, Timboo!" exclaimed Oscar, "you can't sleep there."

"I have not got any where else to sleep," said Timboo.

"But, Timboo—" said Oscar. He paused without finishing his sentence. He began with the intention of saying that his father and mother would rather furnish him with a place to sleep in the house than to allow him to sleep in such a miserable hovel as his hogshead; but he was not quite sure whether he was authorized to make such an offer, and so he was silent.

"You *can't* sleep there," said he. "Besides, there is no bed."

"Any bed!" exclaimed Timboo, laughing. "If you had slept as often as I have about the decks at sea, or among piles of boards on land, you would not think much about the bed."

"You might put some hay in," said Mark, thoughtfully.

"Ah yes," said Timboo, "if I had some hay to put in, I should have a very nice time indeed."

"No," said Oscar, after pausing a moment, "you must not sleep there at all. I shall go and tell my mother, and she will let you come into the house and sleep."

Timboo said immediately that Oscar must not do this.

"I certainly shall," said Oscar.

Question about the hay. Timboo's account of his various beds.

"Then you will break your promise," said Timboo.

"What promise?" asked Oscar.

"Why, you all promised not to tell any body my secret, if I would tell it to you."

Oscar was silent a moment, not having any thing to answer to this claim on the part of Timboo to the pledge of secrecy.

"Well," said he, at length, after a moment's pause, "I will go into the barn, at any rate, and bring you out some hay."

"Have you got any hay in the barn?" asked Timboo.

"Yes," said Oscar, "plenty of it."

"But I mean have *you* got any? Is it yours?"

"Yes," said Oscar. "That is, it's father's."

"Ah! that's a very different thing," replied Timboo.

"Oh no," said Oscar, "it makes no difference at all. He would just as lief as not that I would bring you some hay."

"Besides," said Carroll, "he would never know it."

Timboo shook his head. He would not have any hay, he said, or any thing else to sleep on, that did not fully belong to him. "I've slept on some hard beds," said he, "in my time, but never on any stolen one, and I don't mean to begin now. I should have the nightmare; or, if there should come up a thunder-storm in the night, I should be dreadfully afraid."

The boys were much struck with these last considerations, and said no more to urge Timboo to consent to their bringing him some hay. They asked him, however, since he was so particular about the hay, why he was not also scrupulous about sleeping at all in that place without obtaining permission.

They send in to Prudence for permission to take some hay.

"I have obtained permission," said Timboo.

"No," said Carroll, "my father gave you the hogshead, but he did not give you any leave to make a house of it on his land."

"He told me that I might keep it on his land as long as I pleased."

"Well," said Carroll.

"And that I might keep any thing in it that belonged to me. I am going to keep myself in it. I am sure I myself belong to me."

The boys laughed heartily at this reasoning; and, finally, they asked Timboo if he would be willing to take some hay for his bed, if Prudence would give them leave to bring him some.

"Has Prudence any thing to do with the barn and the hay?" said he.

"Yes," said Oscar, "she has the care of the cow, and all the hay that is in her part of the barn."

"Then go," said Timboo, "and ask her if she will let me have some hay, about as much as would do for one feeding of the cow, and I will pay for it by some work to-morrow. But don't tell her what I want the hay for."

"Well," said Carroll, eagerly, "I'll go, and I'll be careful not to tell her what it is for."

"Tell her it is a secret," added Timboo, "but that I will explain it to her some day or other."

So Carroll went off to find Prudence. She granted the request as soon as it was made. The fact was, she had conceived a very strong feeling of interest for Timboo, and of good-will toward him, partly, it is true, on account of the service that he had rendered her

Timboo proceeds to make a bed in the hogshead.

in mending the clothes-line, but more especially on account of the kind and respectful manner in which he treated her. In fact, the regard which other people entertain for us depends, in almost all cases, much less on any substantial services we render them, than it does on the feelings with which they think we regard them. If we suppose that any persons like us, we are very much disposed to like them, whether they actually do any thing for us or not.

"He may have as much hay as he wants," said Prudence, "and he need not do any work at all to pay for it to-morrow; and ask him to come here before he goes away. I want to see him."

So the boys brought out a quantity of nice fresh hay from the barn, and stuffed it into the hogshead until it was nearly full. Timboo then crawled in and pressed the hay down, and formed it into the shape of a bed, with a bolster at the upper end. When he came out the other boys wished to go in and try it too. Mark laid his head down upon the bolster and shut his eyes.

EXCELLENT PLACE TO SLEEP.

"Ah!" said he, "it is an excellent place to sleep. I wish my mother would let me sleep out here."

"And now," said Timboo, "it is all done except the window. A house is never complete without a window."

"The window!" repeated the boys; "are you going to make a window?"

"Yes," said Timboo; "I must have some way of getting fresh air."

So the boys, at Timboo's request, went to the shop and brought out a key-hole saw. With this tool Timboo cut out a small square hole in the side of his hogshead for a window.

At length, when every thing was arranged, the boys said that it was time for them to go in to supper.

"Yes," said Timboo, "and I must go too, and see what Prudence wants of me."

So they all went together toward the house. Timboo went toward the kitchen, but the other boys, bidding him good-by, went round to the front door and disappeared.

In the yard, just outside the kitchen door, Timboo found Joliba, resting quietly on his perch, where Carroll had left him.

"Well, Joliba," said he, "are you tired of waiting for me?"

"Come! bear a hand!" said Joliba. "Bear a hand, my hearties! Hoist away! Yo heave ho! Yo heave ho! Bear a hand, my hearties!"

"You silly fool," said Timboo, "do you think you are on board ship, here?"

Prudence, hearing the voices at the door, came out.

"The boys told me," said Timboo, "that you wished to see me before I went home."

"Yes," said Prudence; "sit down there a moment, and I'll come."

Prudence brings Timboo a good supper.

So saying, she pointed to a bench which stood under a sort of trellis by the side of the door, and Timboo took a seat.

Prudence, leaving him there, returned into the house, and taking a good-sized bowl and an iron spoon from the pantry, she went down into the cellar to a place where there was a row of pans nearly filled with milk which was covered with thick cream. From one of these pans she took out milk enough to fill the bowl, adding to it a very liberal amount of cream. She then came up stairs and went into the pantry, and there cut off a large piece from a loaf of excellent bread, and put it upon a plate on which there was already a slice of apple-pie. The pie was very thick and very full of apple. She carried these things all out to Timboo.

"I thought," said she, "that perhaps you might be hungry, and would like some supper before you went home."

So saying, she put the bowl of milk, and the plate with the bread and pie upon it, down on the bench by Timboo's side.

"I thank you very much indeed," said Timboo; "both I and Joliba too."

Timboo was really beginning to be hungry, and he enjoyed his supper of bread and milk and apple-pie very much indeed. He gave Joliba an ample portion of the bread, which Joliba ate in a very demure and comical manner, standing on one foot, and holding the several pieces of bread, as Timboo successively gave them to him, in the claws of the other.

When the supper was ended, Timboo returned the plate, together with the bowl and spoon, to Prudence, and thanking her again for her kindness, he prepared to go away.

Timboo puts Joliba in his place of rest for the night.

"I am sorry you are going away," said Prudence; "where are you going to?"

"I am not going far," said Timboo. "You will see me again to-morrow. I have been doing some work in the garden to-day, and Mr. Cheveril says if I will do some more he will pay me for it. So I am coming to-morrow."

"I am very glad of that," said Prudence.

So Timboo, taking up Joliba on his perch, walked away.

He went first round to his corner, intending to leave Joliba there, while he himself went to take a walk along the bank of the river. He found a very good place to set up the perch for the bird under the shed, the floor of which was here raised so far above the ground as to afford room enough to creep in. Timboo set up the perch in this place, and put Joliba upon it.

"There, Joliba," said he, "you have had a good supper, and now you have got a good sheltered place to sleep in, and you have nothing to do but to go to sleep."

"Come, Pol-ly! Pol-ly!" said Joliba, "sing us a song. Sing a little, Polly—Poll-ly! Pol-l-l-ly!"

"Yes," said Timboo, "sing a song, and sing yourself to sleep. Perhaps you'll be a little lonesome here, but if I live long enough in this corner, you shall have some company."

So saying, Timboo left Joliba to his own reflections, and went away.

That evening, about nine o'clock, Carroll and Oscar were sitting at a table in the parlor, reading by the light of a large Argand

lamp which stood upon the table, their father and mother being seated at the table too. Mr. Cheveril was at work upon some law papers which he had brought home from his office. Mrs. Cheveril was sewing, but she did not speak, not being willing to interrupt her husband. The boys were silent too, each one being engaged with his own book.

At length Carroll, coming to the end of his story, shut up his book, and pushed it back upon the table; and then directing to Oscar a meaning look, and making an almost imperceptible gesture by nodding his head in the slightest conceivable manner, he rose and went out of the room. Oscar quickly followed him, and on going out, he found Carroll waiting for him in the entry.

"I'm going to see how Timboo gets along in his hogshead," said he. "Come."

So the boys went out through the kitchen, and thence into the back yard. It was quite dark in the yard, and for a moment they could not see which way to go.

"It is too dark," said Oscar; "let us go back."

"No," said Carroll. "Wait a minute. We can see well enough in two or three minutes, as soon as we have got the lamp-light out of our eyes."

The boys groped their way along out to the gate, and after passing through, they found that they could see pretty well, partly from their eyes becoming accustomed to the starlight a little, and partly because they were now out from under the shadow of the trees. Still, Oscar was rather afraid to go any farther.

"It is too dark," said he.

It lightens. Carroll thinks it is only heat lightning.

"No," said Carroll; "come along!"

"There! it lightens!" said Oscar. "Let us go back into the house."

"Oh no," said Carroll. "It is nothing but heat lightning. Come along!"

Thus Carroll led the way, and Oscar followed timidly, until they came to Timboo's corner. They crept along softly to the hogshead, calling out in a loud whisper, *Timboo!* There was no answer. They still advanced until Carroll could look into the hogshead and see that there was no one there.

"He is not here," said he. "He has not gone to bed yet."

Here there was another flash of distant lightning.

"What a lonesome place!" said Oscar. "I would not sleep here for all the world."

It was a lonesome place indeed. The shadows of the buildings, and of the shrubbery that surrounded them, made it look very dark and gloomy; and in the black hole under the shed, the boys fancied that they could almost hear the suppressed growlings of bears or wolves that they imagined might have come to seek shelter there during the night. Just at this instant they heard a scrambling sound on the wall, a little beyond the hogshead. They both started suddenly, and hurried back with all speed into the house. It is true that the animal which produced the sound was nothing but a cat, but they imagined it to be some wild or venomous monster, beginning its nocturnal prowling in search of prey.

About half an hour after this, Timboo returned from his walk, crept into his nest, and soon fell asleep.

Thunder-storm in the night. Timboo's reflections.

That night, about midnight, Oscar was awakened by a loud clap of thunder. He spoke to Carroll, who was lying by his side.

"Carroll!" said he. "Hark! How it thunders!"

The boys both raised themselves up in the bed and listened. The rain was falling in torrents, and beating violently against the windows. In a moment, a very vivid flash of lightning burst upon their sight, and was followed almost immediately by a loud and prolonged peal of rattling thunder.

The boys scrambled under the bed-clothes again as quick as possible, and covered up their heads, shuddering.

"Don't you pity Timboo?" said Oscar.

"Yes," said Carroll. "If he is in his hogshead now, this thunder-storm will frighten him to death."

At the very same time in which Carroll and Oscar were thus engaged, Timboo, snugly coiled up in his nest, was listening to the rain, which was pouring in torrents upon the upper side of the hogshead, directly over his head.

"Yes!" said he, speaking to the rain. "Don't you wish you could get at him?"

Then, after listening a moment longer, he added, "You may knock, and beat, and rattle as long as you please, but you can't come in. You have had your way with me stormy nights long enough. I've got out of your reach now."

Here there was a bright flash of lightning, followed by a loud and long-continued peal of thunder.

Timboo pushed up the hay under his head a little, and then set-

tled his head comfortably upon the pillow which he thus made, and said,

GOING ABOUT.

"If we could have such a good place as this to creep into in stormy nights at sea, in the middle watch, what a nice thing it would be!"

The middle watch, as it is called, takes the middle of the night, and the condition of sailors whose turn it is to remain on deck during that time in stormy weather, especially when the vessels are small and the sea rough, is dreadful in the extreme.

CHAPTER VI.

RETROSPECTION.

It is possible that the reader, at this stage of the narrative, may feel some curiosity to know how it happened that such a boy as Timboo, with only a parrot for his companion, could be straying in this way through the country, without any friends or any home, and may consequently desire to learn some particulars of his previous history. This is certainly not an unreasonable curiosity; and though the imparting of this information will be of very little service for the purpose I have in view in this story, I will, in this

His place of birth. His cradle. An adventure.

chapter, briefly relate who Timboo was, and how he came to arrive, as he did, at Mr. Cheveril's house on the North River.

Timboo was born among savages, in some outlandish country beyond the seas—I never knew exactly where. His father was a white man, but his mother was a savage, and when he was a baby, she used to carry him on her back while she was at work in her hut under the cocoanut-trees. She had a cradle for him which was made of twigs woven together in the form of a basket. This cradle was hung to the branch of a tree, in a shady place. It was hung by means of two long thongs, one at each end, and it was rocked by the wind, which, in blowing under the trees, caused it to swing a little to and fro.

This plan of tending Timboo answered very well while he was quite small, so that he was willing to lie still in his cradle; but as soon as his limbs began to grow a little strong, he would climb up against the side of his cradle, and at length tumble out. Then his mother was obliged to tie him in. She was afraid to let him creep about upon the ground, for fear of the venomous insects and reptiles that were common in that country.

When Timboo was about five years old, he met with a very extraordinary adventure, which resulted in separating him from his mother entirely. The place where he lived was near the mouth of a large river which emptied into the sea. The place was about ten miles above the river's mouth. There was a little cove among some bushes near the shore of the river, and a canoe there which belonged to some of the savages. The hut where Timboo's mother lived was with some other huts, about half a mile from the cove.

How Timboo first obtained his parrot. The serpent.

One day Timboo was rambling about in the groves near his mother's hut, when he saw something flutter among the flowers at a little distance before him. He ran to see what it was. It proved to be a young parrot scarcely fledged, that had by some means or other tumbled out of its nest, and was now trying to fly. This parrot was, in fact, no other than Joliba. Timboo, supposing that, as the little bird was too young to fly, he could not be big enough to bite, ran after him and tried to catch him. The bird flew and fluttered along the ground, endeavoring to get away. Timboo ran on after him. He would watch his opportunity, and creep up softly toward the bird, and would succeed in getting very near, but just as he was about putting his hand upon him, away the little parrot would go to a new place some distance forward. Timboo persevered, however, and after about half an hour the bird seemed to get wearied out, and Timboo caught him.

Timboo was greatly pleased, and immediately determined to go directly home, and show the little parrot to his mother. On looking around to see where he was, he found that he was near the cove. He was glad of this, for there was a path leading up from the cove directly toward the place where his mother lived. The path, in the other direction, led to the landing where the boat was kept. Timboo came out of the grove just at this spot. He paused a moment to look at the boat, and then set out to go up the path.

He was stopped, however, immediately by seeing a serpent in the way. The serpent was very beautiful, being covered along his back and sides with spots of green and gold. He was slowly gliding down the path with a very smooth and graceful motion. Tim-

Timboo gets into a boat. He pushes away from the shore.

boo was very much alarmed. He ran down the path to the landing, and clambered into the boat as fast as he could, holding the parrot all the time very carefully in one of his hands. The serpent still continued to advance, and so Timboo took up a paddle which was lying in the boat, and pushed off from the shore. This he was easily enabled to do, for the boat was not fastened, being only drawn up a little way on the sand.

THE SERPENT.

"Now," said Timboo to the serpent, as soon as he saw that the boat was fairly off from the sand, "catch me if you can."

The serpent crept gently on along the path a little way farther, and then, turning aside, he glided away among the herbage and disappeared.

Timboo waited a reasonable time, and as the serpent did not appear again, he put the little parrot down gently under a seat, and taking up the paddle, he undertook to paddle the boat to the shore. He had never attempted to paddle before, but he had seen his mother do it, and it seemed very easy. He thought that he had only to dip the blade of the paddle in the water, and move it about there a little, and then take it out again, and that the boat would go wherever he wished.

Timboo lies down in the bottom of the boat and goes to sleep.

He accordingly put the paddle into the water, and tried to move it as his mother had done.

"Let us see," said he. "How do they do it?"

Then, after making one or two more efforts, and seeing that the boat did not move toward the shore, he said,

"I don't do it right. But no matter; they will come pretty soon and find me."

So he took the paddle in, and laid it down in the bottom of the boat. He was by this time quite tired, having been making exertions of various kinds for a considerable time, and so he thought he would lie down a little while by the side of the paddle to rest. So he took his bird in his hand, and lay down, placing the bird carefully upon his arm as if it had been a child, and he its mother. The bird was tired and sleepy too, and so made no resistance to these arrangements. In fact, he was beginning to become accustomed to the presence of his new master, and was growing tame. In a few minutes, both the boy and the bird were fast asleep.

Joliba, as has already been said, was but half fledged, and Timboo, as he wore no other dress than a simple apron about his loins, might have been considered as but half fledged too. Still, neither of them were cold, for the sun was shining pleasantly, and the air was soft and balmy, so they both enjoyed a very quiet and refreshing sleep.

They slept three or four hours, and during this time the current floated the canoe down to the mouth of the river, and there the receding tide carried it out to sea.

What would have become of these two helpless navigators had

The American ship. Timboo's boat discovered. Orders given.

they been left to themselves, no one can tell; but it happened, by great good fortune for them, that an American ship from New York, bound on a voyage round the world, came by just at this time, passing down the coast, and the man on the look-out at the bows saw the canoe.

He immediately called out and reported to the mate of the ship, who then had command of the deck, that there was a boat adrift in sight.

"Where away?" asked the mate.

"About two cables' length ahead, on the lee bow," said the look-out.

"Any body on board?" said the mate.

"Not that I can see," said the look-out.

The mate then called out aloud to the helmsman, "PORT!"

"PORT," repeated the helmsman.

The ship began gradually to turn her bows round in the direction which the look-out man had indicated, until the mate, who had in the mean time gone to the side of the vessel to look over, saw that she was pointed nearly toward the canoe. He then turned again toward the helmsman and called out,

"STEAD-Y!"

"STEAD-Y," repeated the helmsman. The vessel then went steadily on, directly toward the canoe.

As soon as she came near enough to allow the watchman to see into it, he called out suddenly to the mate to say that there was a child on board. The mate immediately gave orders to back the top-sails and bring the ship to. He then ordered a boat to be

The sailors are much pleased. The case reported to the captain.

lowered, and sent the second mate and four oarsmen to row after the canoe, which had, by this time, fallen considerably astern, and bring it alongside. They did so, and little Timboo and the parrot were brought safely on board.

The sailors were all extremely pleased with the occurrence, and they gathered around the spot, and examined Timboo and the bird with great appearance of delight. They were not only pleased with the novelty and excitement of the adventure, but they considered it a sign of good luck to have two such helpless objects come on board their ship.

Both the boy and the bird, they thought, were manifestly under a divine protection, or they would never have been preserved in so remarkable a manner, and guided so miraculously to their vessel. They thought, therefore, that, so long as the little helpless wanderers remained on board their ship, the ship and all the company would be under the special guardianship of heaven.

The mate immediately sent down below to report the circumstance that had occurred to the captain.

The captain was quite a rough man, who, though at heart just and not unkind, still was accustomed to think or care for little else than what related to the safety of the ship and the success of the voyage. When he found what the men had picked up and brought on board, he was in a great rage. He scolded the look-out man for taking any notice of the canoe.

"What I station you on the bows for," said he, "is to look out for the safety of the ship. I don't wish you to look out for nothing, nor to see nothing but rocks and breakers. What do you sup-

pose I am going to do with this monkey's cub that you have picked up, now you have got him on board, and we in for a three years' voyage?"

The men were silent.

Presently the mate ventured to inquire whether it would not be possible to send the child ashore to his mother.

"Send him ashore to his mother," repeated the captain, in a tone of contempt, "when his mother has already got tired of him, and has sent him adrift to us! Besides, how are we to find where he belongs? The boat has come twenty miles, likely as not, down the river. Or do you think," continued the captain, "we might land him on the beach, and leave him there to be picked to pieces by the eagles, or swallowed whole by the boa constrictors, and then have his spook haunting me every black night for half the voyage? No, it would be more merciful to throw him into the sea at once. What's that bird?"

"A young parrot," said a seaman, who had Joliba in his hands.

"Well, we can get rid of *him*, at any rate," said the captain. "Pitch him overboard!"

The sailor walked to the side of the ship, and pretended to pitch the parrot overboard, in obedience to the captain's command, but instead of doing so, he whisked little Joliba into his pocket. Immediately afterward he made some excuse for going below, and there took the bird out of his pocket and gave him something to eat.

The sailor knew very well that the captain was not half in earnest in what he said, and that he would not be at all sorry, a few days afterward, to find out that the parrot had been saved.

The captain puts Timboo under the charge of the cook.

"I've a great mind to pitch the young savage overboard too," said the captain — "a *very* great mind to. But I suppose we must keep him, and take care of him, now you've been fools enough to pick him up. Cook, how much do you think he will weigh?"

The cook was a black man. He had seemed specially pleased with the arrival of Timboo on board, partly, perhaps, because the child was, like himself, of a dark color. In answer to the captain's question, he said, very deferentially, that he could not possibly take upon himself to tell what the young gentleman would weigh.

"Put him in the scales, then, and weigh him," said the captain.

The operation was performed, and the cook reported that the weight was a little over thirty pounds.

"Call it thirty pounds," said the captain. "And now, cook, I put the little monkey in your care. At the end of the voyage, you get a dollar from me for every pound over thirty that he weighs at that time. If he weighs any less, you get something else."

So saying, the captain turned round and walked off down into his cabin.

The sailors named the boy Timboo and the bird Joliba. Of course, Timboo could not tell them what the name was which his mother gave him, nor communicate with them in any way, at first, since they did not know his native language. They soon taught him, however, to speak English, and they became very fond of him.

Timboo remained on board this ship more than two years. Both he and Joliba were great pets all this time with the sailors; and even the captain, though he was very rough in his manners, was not really unkind. His greatest friend, however, was the mate.

The mate gives Timboo good Christian instruction.

The mate took great pains in teaching him every thing on board ship that it was useful for him to know. The mate was not only a kind man, but he was also a sincere and devoted Christian, and, in addition to the other favors which he rendered to Timboo, he gave him a great deal of excellent instruction in respect to his moral duties. He taught him to be honest, and faithful, and trustworthy, and forgiving. He taught him to pray to God, too, every night and morning, and to ask forgiveness for all his sins, for Christ's sake.

"You'll do wrong very often, Timboo," he used to say to him, "and then, when you come to think of it afterward, you will feel self-condemned and unhappy. You will feel as if you ought to be punished in some way for the wrong that you have done. But now, if, in such cases, you go and confess your sin to God, and pray him to forgive you *for Jesus Christ's sake*, who was crucified for you, then you will feel comforted and happy again."

Timboo tried this very often, and he found that it was just as the mate said.

On Sundays, when the weather was fair, the mate would read the Bible to Timboo, and explain to him the meaning of what he read. He read the story of the trial and crucifixion of Jesus Christ a number of times, telling him that that was the most important thing in the whole Bible for him to understand and remember. He also read to him all the good and kind acts that Jesus performed, and the instructions that he gave to his disciples, and explained to Timboo how he could follow and keep these precepts while he was on board ship, and also after he should go on shore.

Bible pictures. Timboo is a very good boy.

CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.

The mate had pictures in his Bible representing the kind deeds that Jesus performed for the sick and the suffering, and these pictures he would show to Timboo, and explain them to him. This pleased Timboo very much indeed.

Timboo listened to all the instructions of the mate with a great deal of interest and pleasure.

Timboo wished very much to learn to read himself; and the mate said that, by-and-by, when he had more time, he would teach him. But a good opportunity never seemed to come.

Timboo was naturally of a very gay and joyous disposition, and was always saying or doing some funny thing or other, to amuse the sailors and make them laugh. He was the life of the ship, in fact, and he became a universal favorite.

He always took good care of himself, and made as little trouble as possible for those around him. He kept well out of the way when the men were at work, and stood always ready at hand to render them any service in his power, by picking up any thing that had fallen down, and going of errands or messages about the decks. Thus, instead of being a constant plague, as the captain had predicted, he caused no trouble at all, and was a means of a great deal of enjoyment.

The captain likes Timboo. Timboo concludes at last to go on shore.

In process of time the voyage was ended, and the ship arrived at New York. Here the captain ordered Timboo to be weighed again. He found that he had gained ten pounds, and so the captain paid the cook ten dollars.

"He is a smart little fellow," said the captain to the cook, when he paid him the money, "and is worth a dollar a pound, be there more or less of him. I believe I'll keep him, and take him with me the next voyage. He'll grow up and make a good cook himself by-and-by, and then I can get rid of you and put him in your place."

The captain said this with a serious face, but the cook knew very well that it was a joke, and he laughed heartily at the idea. He was much pleased, moreover, with having Timboo continued under his care.

Timboo, after this, went several more voyages with the same captain, until at length he began to grow quite a large boy. Of course, the larger and stronger he grew, the more useful he made himself on board ship. He, however, gradually began to dislike the idea of spending his life as a sailor.

"I think," said he to himself, "I would rather take my chance on shore."

Accordingly, at one time, when he was a little more than ten years old, while the captain's ship was lying in New York harbor at the end of a voyage, he told the captain that he thought he was big enough now to take care of himself, and that, if the captain thought well of it, he would leave the ship, and go ashore and see what he could do.

His conversation on the subject with the captain.

"What do you propose to do?" said the captain. "In six months, a boy like you would go to utter ruin in such a place as New York."

"I don't mean to stay in New York," said Timboo. "I mean to go into the country."

"And what will you do in the country?" asked the captain.

"I don't know exactly," said Timboo, "but I am pretty sure that I can find some good or other to do—to somebody."

"Very well,' said the captain, "you may go. I don't know but that your chance of taking care of yourself in the world is as good as mine is."

"Only," said Timboo, "I should like, if you are willing, to take Joliba with me."

Joliba had grown up to be a large bird, and had continued with Timboo in all his voyages.

"Yes," said the captain, "I shall be glad to get rid of him. When are you going to set off?"

"This afternoon," said Timboo.

"Shall you want any money?" asked the captain.

"I've got some," said Timboo.

"How much?" said the captain.

"A sixpence and two cents," said Timboo. "I think that will be enough."

The captain uttered a slight exclamation, scarcely articulate, but did not move a muscle of his countenance.

"Very well," said he, at length. "Come and see me again just before you go."

The captain gives him something heavy.

Timboo went and made himself ready, and then, with Joliba on his shoulder, and the perch in his hand, he came again to the cabin.

"I am ready, sir," said he.

The captain was writing at his desk. On hearing Timboo's voice, he took up a very small parcel, tied up securely in a piece of brown linen, which was lying on his desk. He held this parcel out to Timboo, saying,

"Here."

"What is it, sir?" said Timboo.

"It is something for you. Take good care of it. Don't show it to any body, and don't open it until some time when you are in serious trouble."

Timboo took the parcel, and observed that it was heavy. He put it in his pocket.

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," said Timboo. "Good-by."

"Good-by," said the captain. "I wish you good luck."

So Timboo went away.

As he walked along up the pier, he took the parcel which the captain had given him out of his pocket, and poised it in his hand.

"It is money," said he, "I am very sure. And there must be as much as ten cents there, even if it is all cents; and there may be *some* silver."

Timboo holds a conversation with Prudence about milking.

CHAPTER VII.

INGENUITY.

TIMBOO rose early in the morning after his first night's sleep in his new quarters, and went to work in Mr. Cheveril's garden. Here the boys found him busily employed half an hour before breakfast. When they got up in the morning, their first thought was to go out to Timboo's corner and see if he was there. He was not there; but after looking around for some time, they found him in the garden. He was weeding out one of the beds. He had begun with the worst one there, and had already made great progress in it. He was doing the work remarkably well.

When he saw Prudence coming out to milk the cow, he left his work and went to the barn, to see if he could help her.

"I should like to help you in some way, if I could," said Timboo, "to pay for the supper you gave me last night. But I don't suppose that I could milk the cow, if I should try. We can't learn to milk very well at sea."

"Don't you have any cows at sea?" asked Prudence.

"No," said Timboo.

"Then how do you get any milk?"

"We never have any milk," said Timboo, "on long voyages."

"Then I never desire to take any long voyages," said Prudence. "I don't wish to go where you can't get plenty of good milk."

"Then you had better never go to sea," said Timboo.

"I don't intend to," said Prudence.

"If you would teach me to milk," said Timboo, "I would milk the cow for you every night and morning."

"That would be a good plan," said Prudence, "if you are going to live here all the time."

"I mean to live here all the time," said Timboo.

"I wish that Mr. Cheveril would hire you," said Prudence; "but he always says that he does not want a boy."

"I suppose so," said Timboo; "and if I were to ask him now he would say no, I have no doubt; but I am going to manage so that he will find out pretty soon that he can't do without me."

This plan of Timboo's to make himself so useful that Mr. Cheveril should not be able to do without him succeeded perfectly well. He did not propose any permanent engagement at first, but contented himself with undertaking one piece of work after another, and being paid for it separately. During all this time, Prudence gave him his meals in the kitchen with her, saying that that was what she always did for persons who worked for Mr. Cheveril. No one but the boys, all this time, knew where Timboo slept. They kept the secret remarkably well. Mr. Cheveril, in fact, made no inquiries on the subject, supposing that Timboo slept somewhere with his friends in the village, and being very well satisfied so long as he was not called upon himself to take any trouble about providing him with a lodging. Prudence was rather inquisitive on the subject, and she asked Timboo once or twice where he lived. But Timboo said it was a secret at present, though he promised to tell her one of these days. In the mean time, Pru-

dence, having no occasion to go around behind the barn, did not see Timboo's corner, and even if she had, by any chance, been led to the place, she would have supposed that the arrangements which she found there were the work of the boys, for some purposes of play, and would have paid no particular attention to them.

Timboo had learned so many things in the course of his experience at sea, and possessed so many resources of ingenuity and wit, that he was continually finding opportunities of being useful to all the members of the family. By his constant readiness to render these services, and by the skill and ability which he displayed in rendering them, he soon acquired a great influence and ascendency over all the household. He recovered a ball, for example, for the boys, in a manner that excited their astonishment and admiration in a very high degree. They had thrown the ball, in their play, up to the top of the house, and it had not come down. The boys supposed that it had lodged in the gutter, and so they had given it up for lost; but when they found how great Timboo's resources were in almost all sorts of difficulties, they told him about this ball, and asked him if he knew of any way to get it down.

"Is there any scuttle to the roof?" asked Timboo.

"No," said Carroll.

"Is there a lightning-rod?" asked Timboo.

"Yes," said Carroll, "there is a lightning-rod, but I don't see how that will help."

"Let us go and see," said Timboo.

So the boys all went to the yard to see. There, in an angle

formed where two parts of the house came together, was a lightning-rod. It came down from the eaves above, being fastened by strong wooden clamps to the side of the house, and the lower end of it entered the ground below.

"Where did the ball go?" said Timboo.

"Somewhere *there*," said Carroll.

So saying, Carroll pointed to a part of the roof at some little distance from where the lightning-rod came over.

Timboo said no more, but immediately proceeded to take off his jacket and lay it carefully upon the ground, and then to put his hat upon the top of it. He then went to the lightning-rod and began to climb up.

The boys looked on with surprise and admiration. They saw him ascend first to the lower windows, then up to the level of the bottoms of the second-story windows, and then to the tops of them. Finally he reached the eaves of the house, and he pulled himself up at the place where the rod came over the eaves until he could see into the water-course which formed the margin of them. He looked out from the corner, first one way and then the other, along the eaves.

"Can you see it?" said Carroll, eagerly.

"Yes," said Timboo, "there it is." So saying, Timboo, clinging to the lightning-rod with his two feet and one of his hands, pointed off to the right with the other hand.

"How far is it?" asked Carroll.

"Too far for me to reach," said Timboo. "Have you got a fishing-pole?"

Timboo succeeds in getting down the ball.

"Yes," said Carroll, "two."

"Go and bring one of them to me," said Timboo.

While Carroll went for the pole, Timboo descended to the ground and rested. In a few minutes the pole came, and then Timboo went up again. When he had got up, the boys reached the pole to him, giving him the large end of it. With the pole Timboo pushed the ball over, and Carroll caught it when it came to the ground.

THE LOST BALL.

Even when the help which Timboo rendered any of the family was only some ordinary and common service, he always had some ingenious and curious way of doing it or of talking about it, especially if it was for one of the children, so as to amuse and excite their imaginations, and thus, in addition to the actual benefit of what he did for them, he gave them almost as much pleasure by the way in which he did it. Even when he was at work, if the boys came to help him, he made the work so amusing to them that they often liked it better than play. In fact, to all intents and purposes, it *was* play.

Timboo was a great favorite with little Fanny. Fanny was about five years old, and one reason why she liked Timboo was

because he was always willing to answer all her questions. Every body else scolded her, she said, for asking so many questions, but Timboo answered the questions for her, and she liked that a great deal better. The fact is, Fanny had only been a short time in this world, and every thing here was entirely new to her. Of course, she naturally wished to know the meaning of what she saw, and to learn what things were made for, and how they were used. Her mother was somewhat apt to get out of patience with her for asking so many questions, and called it being troublesome. But it is my opinion that if her mother were to find herself suddenly in the moon, where every thing would be as new and curious to her as every thing was to Fanny here, she too would have a great many questions to ask, and would not like very well to be called troublesome for asking them.

It is true that some of Fanny's questions seemed very simple. Carroll often called them foolish ones, though it was to be observed that Carroll was particularly inclined to call the questions foolish when he could not answer them.

For instance, one day, Fanny was out in the garden, near a place where Timboo was at work. Carroll and Mark were sitting on a bench under an arbor, engaged in making a wreath of flowers in a peculiar way which Timboo had taught them. Fanny found something on the walk, and called to Carroll to come and see what it was.

"No," said Carroll. "I presume it is not any thing."

"It *is* something, indeed," said Fanny. "It is something very round and wiggling."

About the caterpillar. Fanny's questions about the caterpillar.

Carroll was at length persuaded to lay down his work, and to go and see. It was a caterpillar.

Carroll uttered an expression of contempt.

"What is it?" asked Mark.

"It is nothing but a caterpillar," said Carroll.

"Is it a caterpillar?" said Fanny; "what is he for?"

Carroll did not answer.

Fanny gazed for a few minutes very intently upon the caterpillar as it crept slowly along the path, and then said,

"He is creeping along. Where is he going?"

"Carroll," said she, finding that he did not answer, "where do you suppose this caterpillar is going?"

"Oh, Fanny," said Carroll, impatiently, "don't ask me so many foolish questions. How do you suppose I know where he is going?"

"Well, Timboo will tell me, I know," said Fanny.

Timboo had been at work all this time at a little distance, too far, indeed, to hear this conversation, but he was near enough to hear Fanny if she called to him. So she called, and asked him to come and see what a curious thing she had found on the ground.

"Come here," said Timboo.

So Fanny ran to the place where Timboo was at work. He was raking some beds. He continued his work while he was talking with her.

"What sort of a thing is it?" said he. "Is it a moving thing or a still thing?"

"It is a moving thing," said Fanny. "It is crawling along.

It is some kind of a cat, Carroll says, but I can't remember all the name."

"Was it caterpillar?" said Timboo.

"Yes," replied Fanny, "that is it. He is crawling along. Where is he going?"

"I rather think he is going to find something to eat," said Timboo.

"What does he like to eat?" said Fanny. "Bread?"

"Some kind of green leaves," said Timboo. "He will creep along till he finds some sort of green leaves that he likes, and then he will stop and eat them."

"Oh!" said Fanny, in a tone of satisfaction. Then she went back to look at the caterpillar again.

"Timboo," said Fanny, after gazing at the caterpillar a few minutes longer, "he has got a great many legs."

"Yes," said Timboo, "a *great* many."

"What does he have so many legs for?" asked Fanny.

"Because his body is so long," said Timboo.

"Oh!" said Fanny.

"Timboo," said she again, in a few minutes, "he has got a great many hairs sticking out all over his body."

"Yes," said Timboo.

"What are all the hairs for?" asked Fanny.

"I don't know," said Timboo. "I never could possibly find out."

Fanny was as well satisfied with this answer as she would have been with any other. All that children seek in asking their ques-

tions, is to know as much as other people know, and when they come to the confines which limit the knowledge of other people, there they are perfectly willing to stop.

"There is one thing curious about his long hairs," said Timboo. "If you touch them, it will make the caterpillar curl up."

"May I touch them?" asked Fanny.

"Yes," said Timboo, "but touch gently."

So Fanny touched the caterpillar, and was very much amused at seeing him curl up.

Timboo was thus not only inclined to amuse and entertain Fanny by talking to her and asking her questions, but he took pains to teach her what would be useful to her, and to form her mind to good principles, and to cure her of her faults; and yet he did every thing in so entertaining a way, that even when he was finding fault with her she always had a good time.

Fanny could not read, but she had one or two picture-books. Her mother had bought her the picture-books, hoping thereby to interest her in learning to read. Fanny did not take proper care of her books, and Timboo, in walking along with her one day, saw one of them lying down upon the ground. The book was in a sad condition. It was lying on its back, wide open, with its leaves curled up and rumpled in a most extraordinary manner.

"Poor book!" said Timboo, speaking in a very compassionate tone, as if the book was some living thing, sick and suffering. "Poor little thing! He is sick! He has fallen down on his back, and he can not get up again. Help me take him up."

So Timboo stooped down, and by Fanny's help, and with great

Timboo pretends that the book is a sick boy.

tenderness and gentleness, he took the book up, and holding it carefully in his hands, said that they must take it to the doctor. Then he led Fanny along to a closet, where he knocked at the door, and asked if the doctor was at home. He carried on quite a little conversation with the person whom he imagined to come to the door, and she at length went and asked the doctor to come out. Finally, he supposed the doctor to come to the door himself, and then Timboo told him that he had a poor sick boy for him to see. The doctor asked what was the matter, and Timboo told him that the poor boy had a cruel mistress, who knocked him about, and threw him down upon the ground, so that he was bruised and battered dreadfully, and his limbs were all out of joint. All this time Fanny stood by, listening to the conversation between Timboo and the imaginary doctor with a countenance perfectly serious and expressive of great concern.

After the doctor had heard all about the case, and had expressed a great deal of censure against the cruel mistress who had treated the poor boy so badly, he gave a prescription, which was, that the patient must take a warm bath, and must go to bed, and stay in bed all night. The next morning, the doctor said, he would be well, but that he must not be given up to his cruel mistress again, unless she would promise to treat him kindly.

"Well," said Timboo, "now we will go and give the poor boy his warm bath."

So he went to the fire-place, and took off the cover of the tea-kettle which was standing there in the chimney-corner, and then held the book for some time in the steam of it. By this means the leaves

Treatment of the book. Results of the treatment.

and the cover of the book were all made damp. Timboo moved the book about in the steam, and opened the leaves of it in every part, so as to make the whole book damp through and through. At length he said that the poor boy had been bathed enough.

"Now," said he, "we must put him to bed."

So he carried the book to a table at the back side of the room, and then, after spreading out all the leaves straight and smooth, he laid it down, and put a small smooth board over it, which he brought in from the shop for the purpose. This board, he said, was the blanket. He put a flat-iron over the board.

"There," said he; "now we will leave the poor boy to go to sleep. To-morrow morning we will come and see him again, and we shall find him well."

And so it was; for the leaves and the covers of the book, having been damped by the steam, and then allowed to remain under pressure until they were dry, came out all straight and smooth in the morning, so that when Timboo and Fanny went to examine it, they found that the book looked almost as if it were new.

"Ah!" said Timboo, "now he has got well. See how nice and bright he looks! And now what shall we do with the poor boy? What did the doctor say we must do next?"

"He said we must not let his old mistress have him any more," replied Fanny.

"Whom do you suppose he meant by his old mistress?" asked Timboo, with a very serious face.

"I expect he meant *me*," said Fanny, timidly, and looking somewhat ashamed.

"He said she must promise to be kind to him," rejoined Timboo, "and not knock him about any more."

"Well, I will," said Fanny.

So Fanny took the book, and, carrying it away very carefully, put it in a safe place.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHARACTER LOST.

THOUGH Timboo was very gentle with Fanny, especially when dealing with her faults, he was accustomed often to handle the boys very roughly, particularly when they did any thing that he thought foolish or wrong. He would often compare their conduct to that of Joliba in such cases, and would ridicule them unmercifully. He did this, however, in so just, and, at the same time, in so good-natured a manner, that the boys were never seriously offended.

One day Timboo asked them if they ever went down to the shore of the river to fish. There was a very pleasant place by the shore of the river, opposite to the house where Mr. Cheveril lived. It was a rocky point of land, which projected beyond the rail-road, with trees on it to make it shady, and a very pleasant beach on one side. There was a very convenient and safe way of getting to this point, by a path which passed under the rail-road, through an archway, where a little brook emptied into the sea. Thus it was easy for the children to go back and forth to this place with-

out any danger of being run over by the locomotive and the trains of cars.

"Why don't you go down to the point and fish?" said Timboo one afternoon, when the boys seemed not to have any thing to do.

"Father will not let us go there," said Carroll.

"Why not?" asked Timboo.

"I don't know," said Carroll: "he used to let us go, but he won't now."

"That's very strange," said Timboo.

"I suppose," said Oscar, who was somewhat more honest than Carroll, "that he is afraid we shall go out in a boat on the river."

"Oh, what foolish boys!" said Timboo; "you are just like Joliba, after all. There is some excuse for him, for he's got no brains in his head, and sometimes I can't hardly believe that you have got any."

"Why, I don't know what you mean by that," said Carroll. "I don't see how it makes us like Joliba because father won't let us go down to the river."

"Why, it is just so with him," replied Timboo: "I can't trust him any where out of my sight. Whenever I give him the least liberty, if there is any mischief or danger any where about, he is sure to be into it."

"But it is not *our* fault," said Carroll, "that father won't let us go down to the point. We would not go out in a boat."

"But you did go out in one," said Timboo.

The boys were silent. In a moment, however, Oscar asked Timboo how he knew

"I knew," replied Timboo, "by your father's not being willing to trust you down there. He trusted you down there until you disobeyed him, and went out in a boat, and then he found he could not trust you any more; so now you are tied up here at home, as you ought to be. I should not have thought it possible that boys as big as you could have had so little sense.

"Now, for instance," continued Timboo, "suppose that Joliba would do just as I tell him, so that I could trust to him, when I let him out to fly about, that he would not go into any place where I told him he would get into mischief or danger, don't you see what good times he might have? How much liberty I could give him! I could let him fly about on all these trees, and run all over the garden, and do a thousand other things that he can't do at all now. I have to keep him chained up all the time on the top of his perch, where he has to stay moping all day long, and all because he is such a marine fool. I thought he was the greatest fool that it would be possible to find; but I've found two greater."

Carroll and Oscar laughed.

"I don't see how we are any greater," said Oscar.

"Why, because you lose more," replied Timboo. "Joliba could fly about among the trees, and run over the walks of the gardens, but that is not half as much as going down a fishing on the point, or doing a thousand other things which you might do if your father could only trust you."

"I wish he would trust us again," said Carroll. "I mean to tell him that if he will let us go down to the river, we positively will never go out in a boat again."

Danger of going out in boats on the North River.

"I hope you don't think that he will be such a goose as to believe you," said Timboo, "just for your saying so in order to get leave?"

"Why, what else can we do?" asked Oscar.

"I don't know," said Timboo. "You have lost your character, and I don't know how you will get it back again. I mean to take good care not to lose mine."

Timboo was right in his surmise that the boys had one day disobeyed their father, and had gone out on the river in a boat. The

THE STEAM-BOAT.

reason why it is dangerous to do this on the North River is chiefly on account of the steamers that are constantly coming and going.

These steamers are monstrously large, and they are passing at all hours, so that small boats on the water, unless the persons on board of them know perfectly well what to do when one is coming, are never safe.

For this reason, Mr. Cheveril had positively forbidden his boys ever to go out on the river in a boat, though he allowed them to go down to the point and fish whenever they pleased. One day, when Carroll and Oscar were there fishing, a boy named Walter, who lived a little way up the river, came down in a boat to where they were. Walter was a wild boy, and was accustomed to do just what he pleased, and, though his mother was very unwilling to have him go out in a boat, he would go. His father was not at home.

When Walter saw the two boys fishing on the point, he came in, and invited them to go with him to take a sail.

"No," said Carroll.

"It's dangerous," said Oscar.

"Poh!" said Walter. "There is no danger at all."

"Why, suppose a steamer comes along?" said Oscar.

"That would do no harm," said Walter. "I know exactly what to do. All I have got to do is, when I see a steamer coming, to stop a moment to see whether I am in her track. If I am not, I remain where I am until she goes by. If I am, I pull forward a few strokes with my oars, and so get out of her way."

This reasoning seemed very plausible. In fact, it would be quite convincing if steamers, in coming up or down the river, pursued always a straight course, so that you could certainly tell, by

Walter's reasoning about the steamers. Value of it.

observing how one was headed when she first came in sight, exactly where she was going. But, unfortunately, the river is somewhat crooked, and the channel of navigable water is even more crooked still, so that the steamers, in coming up or going down, are obliged to wind about circuitously, and to make many somewhat sudden turns, and, consequently, unless a boatman knows exactly where the channel is, he can never tell exactly where a steamer is coming. When a quarter of a mile distant, she may be headed entirely away from the place where his boat is lying, and yet she may be then actually taking a grand sweep which will bring her round directly upon him. All this, however, neither did Walter or the other boys consider.

"Besides," said Walter, "there is no steamer coming up or down at this time of the day. All the New York boats have gone by, and the Albany boats will not come along these three hours."

"Come, Oscar, let's go," said Carroll. "I don't believe there is much danger."

"No," said Oscar; "father said that we must not go, on *any account.*"

"He won't know any thing about it," said Carroll. "Besides, if he does know, he won't mind any thing about it when he finds we get back safe."

There was some truth in what Carroll said. His father was one of that sort of parents who do not pay much attention to acts of disobedience provided no harm comes of them. If the children come out safe from some danger that they were forbidden to go into, then the disobedience in going in is considered nothing.

Mr. Cheveril's mode of managing with the boys when they disobeyed.

At one time, for instance, Mr. Cheveril forbade the boys to play ball against a certain part of the house, because there was a window there which would be in danger of being broken by the ball. Notwithstanding this prohibition, the boys played there nearly an hour one afternoon. Prudence warned them to desist, but they would not heed her; so Prudence informed Mr. Cheveril of their disobedience when he came home that night, and Mr. Cheveril called the boys to account for it.

"Boys," said he, "I understand you have been playing ball where I forbade you?"

"Yes, sir," said Carroll; "but we didn't break any of the windows."

"Did not you?" said Mr. Cheveril. "Well, you *might* have broken them."

So saying, Mr. Cheveril went away. The act of disobedience went for nothing because the windows did not happen to get broken. If, on the contrary, one of them had been broken, I suppose the boys would have been severely punished.

So Carroll was in some sense right in calculating that, if they returned safe, their father would not hold them to any very strict accountability for their transgression of his commands in going out.

Oscar finally allowed himself to be persuaded, and so the boys got into the boat, and Walter, who was an excellent oarsman, rowed them out into the middle of the river.

For half an hour they had a very pleasant time; but then, when they were pretty well in under the farther shore, Oscar was greatly

alarmed by a sound which resembled very marvelously the dashing of a steamer's paddle-wheels.

"There!" said he, "there is a steamer coming!"

"Nonsense," said Walter; "I tell you there *can't* be any steamer this time in the day."

In a moment more, however, all doubt on the subject of the approaching steamer was dispelled by the sight of her prow, which was at that instant seen coming into view around a point of land just below them, and by the sound of the paddles which immediately afterward burst upon the ear with sudden and frightful violence.

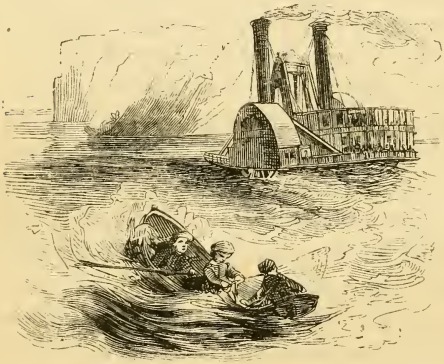
"By!" exclaimed Walter, in affright; "she is right upon us!"

He immediately began to ply his oars with the utmost energy, but, in his fright and confusion, he could not tell which way he was to go. The officer in command on board of the steamer gave the signal to stop the engine, and, at the same instant, to blow off steam, and the frightful noise which the escape-pipe emitted, like a large trumpet sounding some awful alarm, greatly added to his terror. The man on the bow of the steamer called out to him as loud as he could shout, and made violent gestures, to signal to Walter what he should do; but the noise of the steam prevented his hearing the voice, and his confusion and bewilderment were such that he did not understand the signals.

At length, after the lapse of perhaps not more than half a minute, which, however, to the boys in the boat, seemed almost an age, the boat drifted a little out of the way, so that the steamer could go on. The roaring of the steam-pipe then suddenly stop-

The boat in imminent danger. Very narrow escape.

ped, and the wheels recommenced their motion. The steamer swept swiftly by, rolling out monstrous waves on each side from her bows and paddle-wheels. The boat should have been headed in such a way as to lie across these waves. This Walter knew very well in theory; but to understand a thing in theory, and to be able promptly and surely to practice it in sudden and alarming emergencies, are very different things. The waves from the steamer caught the boat in the wrong position, so as to strike her on the side. They came very near upsetting her. As it was, they dashed over the gunwale, drenched the boys thoroughly from head to foot, and poured so much water into the boat that she was in imminent danger of swamping.



THE SWELL.

The boys made the best of their way home after this adventure, and Carroll and Oscar, on entering the house, went to their mother, wet through and through, and dreadfully terrified. It took them some time to get over the fright they had received, and the affair had the effect of entirely curing them, for a time at least, of wishing to venture out in a boat on the river. However, their father was not willing to trust to this. He forbade them ever going down to the water at all.

"Why, father," said Carroll, "we will positively promise never to get into any boat at all."

"You promised me that before," said their father.

"But now, father," said Carroll, "we certainly never will."

"I can't trust you," said their father.

CHAPTER IX.

TIMBOO'S STUDIES.

After Timboo had been a few days at Mr. Cheveril's, Mrs. Cheveril was much surprised and pleased to observe that Fanny seemed to be inspired with a sudden and unaccountable disposition to learn to read. Fanny had been pretending to be learning to read for some time. There was a little school kept at a short distance from the house, down the road, and Fanny had been nominally at school there for a fortnight before Timboo came to her father's. When it was first proposed that she should go to that school, she was very much pleased with the idea; but after going one or two days, she found that it was more agreeable to play about the house all the day, and do as she pleased, than it was to sit still on a bench with nothing to do; nor do I think she was at all to blame for this preference.

It is different somewhat with older children who have learned to read, and who can consequently occupy their time in school in ciphering, or writing, or studying their lessons. It is not quite reasonable to expect that even they should *prefer* study to play, but they may be expected to take some interest in study, and to

go to school and perform their work there with alacrity and good-will, especially since they are old enough to understand of what an immense advantage a good education will be to them when they are grown up.

Poor Fanny, however, when she went to school, had nothing to do, except when it came to her turn to go to the mistress and take a lesson, but to sit still on a bench; and whenever any of the other children did any thing funny, she could not help laughing at it, and then the teacher would scold her, or make her stand up in a corner in disgrace.

So Fanny every morning made some excuse or other for not going to school, and her mother, being very indulgent, and not wishing to have any trouble with her, would conclude to let her off "just for to-day, but not again on any account."

The next day, however, it was always just the same.

What her mother ought to have done, in my opinion, was not to have sent her to school at all, but to have taught her the letters herself. This she might have done very easily by giving Fanny four lessons every day of five or ten minutes each. This would have taken very little either of Fanny's time or of her mother's, and yet Fanny would have learned much faster thus than by going to school.

One day Timboo asked Fanny if she knew how to read.

"Yes," said Fanny, "I know how to read a little."

"How much do you know?" asked Timboo.

"I know two letters," said Fanny.

"What are they?" asked Timboo.

Timboo and Fanny form a plan of learning to read together.

Fanny said that the letters she knew were *o* and *s*.

"I know those two letters," said Timboo, "too, and I want to learn some more; so, if you will learn a new letter every day, and come and tell me what it is, so that I can learn it, I will do something for you."

Fanny, who had a very high idea of Timboo's power to do things for people, from what she had seen him do for the boys, was very ready to enter into this project, and she commenced the execution of it with great zeal. The plan was for her to ask her mother, or her brothers, or any body in the house, to teach her a new letter every day. She was then to find that letter a great many times in her picture-book, until she should know it perfectly, and then she was to come out to Timboo in the yard or garden, wherever he might be at work, and show it to him, and he was to copy it out of the book with chalk on the corner of the barn, and learn the name of it himself.

The success of this scheme, like that of most new and untried schemes, was at first very imperfect. The first day Fanny came out to Timboo in the garden, and told him that she had learned a new letter. He asked her what letter it was. She said it was the letter *b*.

"Show it to me," said Timboo.

So Fanny opened the book, and stood silent and motionless, with the book before her, as if she felt a little ashamed.

"Where is it?" asked Timboo.

"I don't know exactly," said Fanny. "It is somewhere along there."

Fanny's efforts are at first unsuccessful.

So Fanny moved her finger back and forth along one of the top lines of the page.

"Very well," said Timboo; "it is no matter if you can't find it exactly. You know pretty nearly where it is. You are sure it was *b*?"

"Yes," said Fanny, very positively, "I am certainly sure."

"Very well," said Timboo. "That is very well for the first time. Now you must learn another letter this afternoon, and you must try to remember exactly where it is."

"Yes," said Fanny, "I will."

So that afternoon Fanny came out again. She had learned another letter, and she knew exactly where it was, for she had stuck a pin in it, she said. So she showed Timboo her book, with a pin stuck through one of the leaves at the letter *c*. The poor letter was literally impaled.

Timboo took out the pin, and smoothed down the protrusion of the paper, in order to see what the form of the letter was.

"Well," said he, at length, "I see it. And what letter is it?"

Fanny cast her eyes down to the ground with a somewhat disconcerted look, and said,

"I can't remember the name of it very well."

"No matter," said Timboo; "try again to-morrow, only don't stick a pin through the poor things. Look at them till you remember exactly how they look, and then say over the name a great many times, and then you will remember that too. You have done very well so far. In the first place, you have *tried*, and that is a great deal. Then, the first time, you remembered the

name, and the second time the letter. The next time, perhaps, you will remember the name and the letter too."

Fanny felt greatly pleased at the commendation which Timboo bestowed upon her. It was so much pleasanter, she thought, to be encouraged and helped onward, than to be scolded and rebuffed. She accordingly persevered, and she soon began to succeed very well, bringing Timboo one and sometimes two letters every day, which Timboo, after studying their forms himself, would transcribe carefully with a piece of chalk on a corner of the barn. He would also write them with a stick on the sand in the garden walks, and talk about them with Fanny, so as to impress the forms and the names of them both on his mind and on hers. Thus they both learned very rapidly; and Mrs. Cheveril, finding Fanny inspired with such a sudden enthusiasm for learning her letters, was at first very much surprised, not being able to account for it at all; and when at length she learned, on inquiry, that it was owing to the influence exerted on her mind by a boy whom Mr. Cheveril had employed to work in the garden, she said she wished she had such a boy to live at the house all the time.

Timboo amused Fanny very much, and aided her at the same time in learning her letters, by pretending to attempt to teach them to Joliba. While Fanny was learning *d* and *e*, for example, he brought Joliba out into the garden, and after setting him up on his perch, he drew the forms of the two letters before him on the sand, and then began to teach the parrot to pronounce the names of them. Presently the parrot would say *d* and *e*, though, of course, without taking any notice of the characters drawn on the sand.

After Timboo had spent two or three minutes in commencing the instruction of Joliba, he would give Fanny a twig to point at the letters with, and leave her to continue the lessons.

"Show him the letters," said he, "and look at them carefully yourself, and if he says *d* while you are pointing at *e*, or *e* while you are pointing at *d*, make a mark against him on the sand."

So Fanny spent ten minutes very agreeably to herself in attempting to impress on Joliba's mind the distinction between *d* and *e*, and though she failed entirely in teaching *him*, she taught *herself* very effectually.

FANNY'S PUPIL.

At last she began to be a little discouraged with her pupil.

"I'll tell you what the difficulty is," said Timboo. "He does not *notice*. He does not *pay attention*. You watch his eyes, and you will see that they are wandering about every where while you are pointing at the letters. The fact is, the way to learn a letter is to look at it very closely and attentively, and see *just exactly* what the shape of it is, so that you will know it again when you see it. Now this is the very thing that Joliba won't do. In fact, I suppose he *can't* do it. He is nothing but a parrot. He can't *think*. But you can *think*, and so you can learn. Some children don't

think, and so they don't learn. They only say over what the teacher says to them, without any attention or thought, just like so many parrots."

By such methods, and by such counsels and instructions as these, Timboo gained a great influence over Fanny's mind, and both teacher and pupil made very rapid progress in learning their letters.

Timboo exercised quite a good influence over the boys, too, in respect to their studies at school, by talking to them, when they came home at night, about what they had learned. Some of their studies, it is true, he could not understand any thing about, such as arithmetic, for example, which was, of course, entirely beyond Timboo's reach at present. The boys tried to give him some explanations in respect to the sums they were then doing, but they soon bewildered him entirely with their talk about numerators and denominators, and greatest common multiples, so that he was obliged to give up arithmetic in despair. In respect to some other studies, however, he was much more successful. This was particularly the case with geography and history. The boys brought home their atlas, and showed the maps to Timboo, and they repeated to him what they had learned in their geographies about the several countries, showing him the countries, at the same time, on the map. When he did not understand fully what they said, they would turn to the place in the book, and read the passage to him. Timboo would then talk with them about what they had read, and about the facts which were set forth therein, which facts were much more fully comprehended by the boys, and made to appear much more like

realities after the conversation than before. In this way they were led to pay much greater attention to the intent and meaning of the passages which they studied in their lessons than they had done before they were accustomed to talk with Timboo about them. It was the same with their lessons in history.

Timboo used to assist the boys, too, in their amusements in various ways, and when Saturday afternoon came, he went a fishing with them. Mr. Cheveril would not, indeed, yet remove his interdict against the boys' going down to the river to fish, but there was a stream in the interior where he allowed them to go, provided

A FISHING PARTY

Safe place to go a fishing. Situation of Mrs. Cheveril's store-closet.

that Timboo went with them. The water of this stream was not very deep, though in some places it was deep enough to drown such boys as they, if by any means they were to fall in.

It was a very pleasant place to go a fishing in, for the banks of the stream were smooth and grassy, and the place was shaded with beautiful trees.

In a word, Timboo, while he went on all the time faithfully attending to his own work, contrived so many ways to amuse, and also to instruct and benefit the boys and Fanny, that he soon made quite a change in every thing pertaining to them.

CHAPTER X.

THE STORE-CLOSET.

TIMBOO was always ready to help the boys in all their innocent amusements and plans, though they had occasion to find out very soon that there was no hope of any co-operation from him in any thing which he thought to be wrong. The occasion on which they first made this discovery occurred about the fifth day after Timboo came. The case was this:

There was a large store-closet in Mr. Cheveril's house, on the second story, where Mrs. Cheveril was accustomed to keep her cake and preserves, and other similar niceties. This store-closet had two doors and a window. One of the doors opened into the entry. The other opened into Mrs. Cheveril's bed-room. The door which opened into the entry fastened with a bolt on the inside. The other had a lock and key. Mrs. Cheveril was accustomed to keep

Mode adopted by Oscar and Carroll for getting into the store-closet.

the entry door bolted, and the other one locked, with the key of it in her pocket, thus thinking that the store-room and all the treasures it contained were secure.

When I tell you that, notwithstanding this, Carroll and Oscar were accustomed to get into this store-closet by stealth, and to carry away cake and preserves from it to eat in secret in the woods behind the house, you will think, I suppose, that they were very bad boys; but they were not very bad—that is, they were not worse than a great many other boys. Almost all boys who are as much neglected and left to themselves as they were by their parents, are bad enough to take things to eat which belong to their mother without leave. Such children would shudder at the thought of stealing from any body else, but taking such things as these from their father or mother they don't consider stealing at all.

The way that Oscar and Carroll managed their purloining was this. It was Carroll that contrived the plan. They would watch the opportunity when their mother was going into the store-closet for some purpose or other, and go in with her, and while she was busy there among the boxes and jars, one of them would engage her in conversation by asking her questions, or teasing her with some request or other which it was of doubtful propriety to grant. All this time he would contrive to stand in such a position as to be between his mother and the bolted door. While he was doing this, the other boy would be sauntering carelessly around the little room, and would contrive slily to slip back the bolt, so as to unfasten that door. At length, when Mrs. Cheveril had done all that she wished, she would go out through the door leading to her

chamber, taking the boys with her, and would then lock the door securely, putting the key in her pocket.

The boys would then, in the course of that afternoon or evening, whenever they found a good opportunity, creep into the store-room by the entry door which they had left unbolted, and take out whatever they wanted. They were careful not to take enough at any one time to make it probable that their mother would miss it; and as to the bolt of the door, Mrs. Cheveril would generally, after a day or two, observe that the bolt was drawn back, and she would push it forward again. She would often say to herself at such times, "I wonder how this door came unbolted!" but that is all she would say or think about it.

After a time, whether it was that the boys, becoming emboldened by success, increased the amount of their pilferings, so that their mother began to miss some of her stores, or whether her suspicions were at length excited by the mysterious tendency of the bolt to get drawn back, or whatever else may have determined her, she suddenly concluded to have the entry door fastened up entirely; so she sent Prudence for a hammer and a nail; and then Prudence, under her direction, drove the nail into the door at the end of the bolt in such a manner that the bolt could not be moved at all.

"There!" said she; "now I'll see if that door can keep fastened."

All this happened some time before Timboo came to the house, and the fastening up of the door had proved so effectual, that now for nearly a month the boys had been kept out of the store-room altogether. But on the day when Timboo went up the lightning-

The boys propose to Timboo to become their confederate.

rod, a new idea struck Carroll's mind. Just at the time that Timboo was going past the window in the second story, Carroll, appearing to be very much pleased with a new thought which then seemed suddenly to strike his mind, whispered something very eagerly in Oscar's ear.

"So he could," said Oscar.

The suggestion which Carroll made was that Timboo might easily get in at that window, for that was the window which led into the store-closet.

A short time after this, they proposed to Timboo that he should do so. They explained to him what their object was in getting in, and promised him a large share of the plunder.

"So you want to make me a thief?" said Timboo.

"No," said Carroll, "it would not be stealing. Besides, you need not take the things yourself. All we want you to do is to take a hammer and draw the nail out from the end of that bolt, so that we can get in."

"That does not help it any," said Timboo. "I don't know but that I may as well steal myself as have you steal."

"Why, that is not stealing," said Oscar. "The things in that closet are all ours."

Boys very often seem to have an idea that they have a sort of qualified right of property in all that their fathers and mothers possess, and that taking such things from them secretly is not stealing. Timboo, however, was of quite a different opinion.

"I think," said he, "it is stealing; and, what is more than that, I think it is stealing of the very worst kind."

The guilt of stealing from a father or a mother.

"Why so?" asked Carroll.

"Which do you think is the worst?" asked Timboo, "to steal from a friend or from an enemy?"

"Why, from a friend, I suppose," said Carroll.

"Certainly," said Timboo, "because in stealing from a friend there is ingratitude and treachery as well as dishonesty. Now a boy's father and mother are his very best friends, so that stealing from them is the worst kind of stealing of all. I think it is my duty to go directly in and tell your mother what you are about."

"Oh no! no!" exclaimed the boys, both together. "That would be very mean in you."

"Do you think it would?" said Timboo.

"Yes," said Carroll, "I'm *sure* it would. Besides, we have kept your secret about the hogshead, and you ought to keep ours."

"My secret is an innocent one, but yours is a very wicked one," said Timboo. "That makes a great difference."

"No," insisted Carroll, "it does not make any difference at all. If we keep your secrets, I am sure you ought to keep ours."

Timboo here assumed a thoughtful air, and shook his head, saying he did not know what he ought to do.

"However," said he, "you had better not tell me any more such secrets as those, for it will be desperate hard work for me to keep them for you."

There was another case in which Timboo decided very promptly and firmly against one of the boys' plans of wrong-doing. It was on Sunday, the first Sunday after Timboo came. The boys

went out to his corner, just before they went to church, in order to see what he was doing, but he was not there. After church they went again, but still he was not there. He was at the Sunday-school. Then, after the meeting in the afternoon, they went again, and now they found him sitting by himself on the stone seat under the trellis on the play-ground, Joliba by his side. Carroll had a fishing-line in his hand at this time. He had no pole. The line was wound upon a short reel.

"Ah!" said Timboo, when he saw the boys coming, "I am glad to see you. I was in hopes you would come out here, for I want you."

"We want *you*," said Carroll. "We are going a fishing, and we want you to go with us. Father has given us leave to go and take a little walk behind the house, and we are going to take our fishing-lines with us, to see if we can't catch some trout in the brook."

"No," said Timboo, "you had better not do any such thing."

"Why not?" said Carroll.

"Because," said Timboo, "our orders are to remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy, and the safest thing we can do is to obey them."

The boys were silent. Oscar looked at Carroll, but Carroll did not seem to know what to say.

"Oh yes," said Carroll, "let us go; father never will know it."

"That's one very good reason why you must not do it," said Timboo. "You must never do any thing that you are not willing that he should know."

Timboo sends the boys to get their Bibles.

"Why, we want to go a fishing very much," said Carroll. "There is nothing else for us to do."

"Yes, there is a plenty else to do," replied Timboo. "I want you to go in and get two Bibles, and come out here and read me some stories."

"Oh no!" said Carroll, in a supplicating voice.

"Yes," said Oscar, "let us go.

Carroll finally consented. So the boys went in and got their Bibles, and brought them out to the play-ground, and read to Timboo a long time. They sat one on each side of him, on the seat, and read the verses alternately. Timboo listened to the reading, and sometimes looked over a little. The boys stopped continually to talk about what they were reading, and to listen to Timboo's remarks and explanations, all of which were so original and curious, and sometimes so striking and queer, as to interest and amuse them very much. The boys paid a great deal closer attention to what they were reading, and took in the meaning of it much more fully by means of Timboo's remarks and comments; and the various practical inferences which he drew, and the lessons of conduct for boys like them, though sometimes very oddly and bluntly expressed, were exceedingly important and valuable. The boys, too, were very much interested in them.

It was on that Sunday morning that Mr. Cheveril found out, for the first time, the secret of Timboo's lodging. Timboo withdrew the injunction of secrecy at the end of the Bible lesson, and though he said that the boys must not introduce the subject themselves, for the express purpose of telling their father about the

Mr. Cheveril inquires about Timboo. His surprise. He sends for him.

hogshead, they might, nevertheless, explain the whole case to him at once the next time he made any inquiries about it.

Mr. Cheveril did make inquiries that evening. He always thought and talked more of home on Sunday evenings than at any other time, and on this evening his conversation naturally turned on the subject of Timboo, and of the work which he had done during the week. In the course of this conversation, he asked the boys where Timboo lived. The boys laughed, and then informed their father all about Timboo's arrangement for a lodging. "You gave him the hogshead," said they, "and gave him leave to keep any thing in it here as long as he pleased, and so he has been keeping himself in it."

Mr. Cheveril was at first very much astonished, and then very much amused, at hearing this account of Timboo. He sent Carroll out immediately to find Timboo, and to ask him to come into the house. "Tell him," said he, "that I wish to see him."

Timboo, on receiving the message, came in at once. He was pleased that Mr. Cheveril had sent for him.

"I am very sorry, Timboo," said Mr. Cheveril, "to hear what a comfortless place you have had to sleep in since you have been working for me. I thought you lived somewhere in town, with some of your friends."

"No, sir," said Timboo, "I have no friends in this town; and as to my bed, it is not comfortless at all. It is very comfortable. It is dry, and soft, and warm, and very different from the places I have often slept in before this."

"What sort of places were they?" said Mr. Cheveril.

Mr. Cheveril proposes to give Timboo a better bed.

"Why, I have been used to sleeping in places," said Timboo, "that were hard, and wet, and cold."

"You must be pretty easily suited," said Mr. Cheveril; "but there is no need of your sleeping in such a dog's kennel as that."

"Father," said Carroll, clapping his hands, "it would make a most excellent kennel for a dog. I wish you would let me have a dog to put into it."

"You can sleep in the house," continued Mr. Cheveril, without replying to Carroll, "just as well as not. Prudence can make you up a bed somewhere, I have no doubt."

"I think I like my bed better than any that Prudence would make me," said Timboo, "because, you see, it is my own. Then, besides," he added, with a smile, "it is very movable, and when I have done all the work you have for me to do here, I can roll it along to the next place that I work in."

"But I don't want you to go away from here at all," said Mr. Cheveril, "or at least perhaps I shall not. If I could find a boy of your age who was honest, and also industrious, so that he would attend to his duties well without requiring to be watched, I should like to hire him all the time."

Timboo was silent for a moment. Then he said, "You might try me, sir, for a while longer, and see if I would do."

Mr. Cheveril was silent in his turn. Mrs. Cheveril, who was sitting very near her husband, said in a whisper, or rather in a very low tone, so that Timboo could not hear, "I would, husband. He seems to be a very nice boy."

"He is a very bright boy, certainly," said Mr. Cheveril, "if we

were only sure of his honesty. I am usually a little suspicious of such boys as he. However, we will see."

"If you should conclude to hire me regularly," said Timboo, "then I should have another plan to propose about my bed; but, till then, I would rather stay as I am."

"What would your plan be?" asked Mr. Cheveril.

"Why, there is a vacant space in the shed," replied Timboo, "where there is a door leading out to my corner; and if you were willing, I could fit up a little room there for Joliba and me."

"You would need a carpenter," said Mr. Cheveril.

"No, sir," said Timboo, "I'm carpenter enough for that. I learned on board ship. I could make a small room there for my house, and then the little corner where I live now would be my front yard."

"Yes, sir," said Carroll, eagerly, "I like that plan very much; and then we could get a dog, and keep him in the hogshead house."

"Well," said Mr. Cheveril, "we'll see. You may go on, Timboo, a few days longer as you are, and by that time I will consider what I can do."

CHAPTER XI.

A PLOT.

A GREAT deal might be said, most certainly, in support of Timboo's opinion that stealing from a father or mother is more criminal than to steal from any body else, instead of less so, as many boys seem to imagine. There is this, however, to be said on the

Successive steps in the progress of crime.

other side, namely, that the progress of crime is generally from bad to worse, and that boys usually begin with pilfering from their parents, and go on afterward to acts of depredation upon other people; and this would seem to denote that the latter acts are to be considered as occupying a higher grade on the scale of wickedness than the former.

There is usually, in fact, a very regular series of steps that those boys follow who finally become thieves. They begin by taking, not exactly by stealth, but still in a somewhat sly and secret manner, some little article which they are not sure that their mother would allow them to have. From this they pass on to the work of laying plans and contrivances for opening closets and drawers where eatables and other such things are secured. Next they take small sums of money which they find left about in drawers, or in work-baskets, or other exposed places, by their mothers or older sisters; for there are a great many mothers and older sisters who, being too careless or too shiftless to provide pockets to their dresses, lay their loose change down any where, not considering that this is the very way to teach honest people, that are not yet strong in their honesty, to become thieves. The next step is to take fruit from the orchards, or melons from the vines of the neighbors; and then other light property, such as penknives, pencil-cases, or jewelry, whenever an opportunity presents itself of doing it safely. The last step is to add burglary to theft by opening locks, or breaking through windows or doors, to get access to valuables which the owner had properly secured.

Now Carroll, at the time Timboo came to the house, had ad-

vanced about half way through this course of crime. He had got so far as to take money from his father or his mother whenever he could do so, and was rapidly preparing himself for the remaining steps of the dreadful road.

Now it happened that, among other plans which Carroll had adopted for getting money, one was purloining it from a certain contribution-box which was at that time under his father's charge. Mr. Cheveril was an active and efficient member of the Church in his village, and he had a great deal to do with the business and money affairs of the congregation. It was the more convenient for him to attend to these things from the fact that he was a lawyer, and also that his house was not far from the church. Among other plans which the people of the parish had for doing good, one was the making of a collection, for the use of the poor, from the people that were accustomed to assemble at the evening meetings. This collection was made by means of a contribution-box, which was kept at the door of the little chapel where the evening meetings were held. The people, as they came in, dropped their money into this box through a small opening in the top of it, and then, at the close of the meeting, Mr. Cheveril took the box to his house, to keep it there until the time of the next meeting.

At the end of every month the box was opened by means of a key, and the money which was found within it was applied to the relief of the poor.

This box had usually, during the time that it was in Mr. Cheveril's house, been kept upon a shelf in the front entry, and here Carroll, having found a key that would unlock it, used to get ac-

Carroll's purloinings. His operations are interrupted.

cess to it from time to time, and take out such small sums of money as he thought would not be missed. Of course there was no special danger that what he took out would be missed, unless he was very rapacious in his purloinings, for his father had no means of knowing what had been put into the box during the month, and so could have no definite expectations whatever in respect to the amount which he was to find there.

At length, however, whether it was that he began to suspect that the amount which he found in the box when he opened it was less than it ought to be, or that the idea occurred to him that public funds of such a character ought not to be left in so exposed a place, he all at once commenced the practice of carrying the box up to his library, and keeping it there. This put a sudden stop to Carroll's operations, for the library, which was in the second story of the house, was kept always locked, and the key Mr. Cheveril carried in his pocket. There was no other key in the house that would fit that door.

Things were in this state at the time when Timboo came to Mr. Cheveril's.

Oscar was, in some respects, Carroll's confederate in his schemes —that is, he was aware of them all, and watched the execution of them, and sometimes, from good-nature, he assisted Carroll in some subordinate and incidental part. In general, however, he disapproved of them, and discouraged them in a gentle way. He was naturally a well-disposed boy, and much more conscientious than Carroll; but then he was easy and good-natured, and was never inclined to take a resolute and decided stand in respect to any

He forms a new plan for getting access to the contribution-box.

thing, especially when such decision would bring him into an attitude of opposition against any of his friends or playmates. So he allowed himself to be led along by Carroll into courses which his conscience condemned, without any resistance on his part except now and then to offer a feeble remonstrance.

"Oh no, Carroll," he would sometimes say, "I would not do any such thing."

Carroll, of course, paid no heed to such gentle expostulations as these.

After Timboo had been at Mr. Cheveril's about a week, Carroll formed a scheme of getting into his father's library in the night by means of a window, and so gaining access to the money-box once more.

The idea of accomplishing his object in this way was suggested to Carroll by his observing, one day when he was climbing about upon the roofs of the sheds and other out-buildings, that one of the roofs—the one which covered the kitchen part of the house—came directly under the library window, and he found that he could easily get upon this roof from one of the sheds, and in walking along upon it to the farther end, he came out directly under the library window. He ran back immediately after he had made this discovery, for the place was very much exposed to observation in the daytime.

"I can climb up here to-night," thought he to himself, "after they have all gone to bed, just as easily as not."

When Carroll explained this plan to Oscar, Oscar said,

"Oh no, Carroll, I would not do it."

Carroll asks Oscar to join him. Oscar refuses.

Carroll made no reply to this expostulation, but still went on forming his plan.

"We can do it to-night," said he. "It will be a fine moonlight night."

"No," said Oscar; "at any rate, *I* can't do any thing about it."

"Oh, I don't want you to *do* any thing," said Carroll. "I only want you to come down with me into the yard, just for company."

Carroll was well aware that to come down from his room at midnight, and come out of doors, and climb upon the roofs, and get in at a window on such an errand as that, with a guilty conscience all the time at hand to disquiet and alarm him, would require more resolution and courage than he could command, unless he could have something like sympathy and companionship in the work. He thought, however, that if Oscar would just come down with him, and stay in the yard while he was perpetrating the deed, he should be able to go through with it without faltering, although he felt that he should not dare to undertake it entirely alone.

Carroll said no more to Oscar on the subject at this time, having learned from experience to expect that his brother would remonstrate against his wicked schemes when they were first proposed to him, though this would not prevent his finally yielding a sort of assent to them, and even lending a reluctant co-operation, if necessary, in carrying them into effect. So, after simply announcing his plan, he dropped the subject, thinking that it would be time enough to speak of it again when he should be ready for his brother's aid.

Bedtime. Oscar and Carroll in their room. Carroll's plans.

CHAPTER XII.

GETTING INTO DIFFICULTY.

THAT night, when bedtime came, Carroll and Oscar retired to their room as usual, but Carroll said that they must not undress.

"We must lie down on the outside of the bed," said he, "so as to be all ready."

"No," said Oscar, "I am going to bed, and you must go to bed too."

Carroll, however, insisted that Oscar must not go to bed. Oscar said it would do no good for him to keep his clothes on, for he was fully determined not to go out with Carroll and help him in his plan. Carroll said that was no matter. Even if he remained in the house, he must not go to bed. Oscar finally concluded to comply with this request, seeing no harm in consenting to remain dressed a little while, and so they both lay down upon the bed together.

They kept their candle burning, and they amused themselves for a part of the time in reading by the light of it, placing it for this purpose in a chair by the head of the bed. The rest of the time they talked with each other, taking care to speak in a very low tone. At length, when it was about half past eleven, Carroll said it was time to go. So he rose from the bed, and called upon Oscar to get up too. At first, Oscar was very decided in refusing; but Carroll urged him so strongly, and represented to him so

Mode in which the door was fastened. The windows.

earnestly, too, that he only wanted him to go out with him into the yard, and to stay there in sight while he himself went up to the window, that finally Oscar allowed himself to be prevailed upon to go. So both the boys, leaving their shoes behind them, crept down stairs softly together.

They came out through the back door. The *front* door of the house was fastened by a lock, and all the windows on the lower floor were secured by a sort of spring which was placed over the lower sash of each one. The back door had no lock, but it was fastened on the inside by means of a latch, which, when it was down, there was no means of raising from the outside. This latch was kept up in the daytime by a little wooden wedge which Prudence put under it when she opened the door in the morning. In the night, when she shut the house up, she took this wedge out, and it hung there by the side of the latch, suspended by a string from a nail, ready to be put in again in the morning. There was another latch on the door, below, for ordinary use during the day, which had a handle on the outside.

The windows on the lower floor were secured, as has been already said, by a proper fastening, but the windows of the second story were never fastened, as it was not thought that robbers would ever attempt to get into the house by climbing so high. In fact, in the summer, the windows in some of the chambers were often left open all night, in order to admit the breeze and cool the chambers after a sultry day. It happened that some of the windows were left open in this way on the evening in which these events occurred.

Oscar and Carroll come down. Carroll climbs upon the roofs.

The boys reached the back door in safety, being guided by the light of the moon, which shone in through the entry windows. Carroll lifted up the latch of the back door, and they both went out. He should have put the wedge in under the latch, but this he unfortunately forgot to do. Perhaps he did not consider it necessary to do it, since he was not going to shut the door. He intended to leave it open until he was ready to come in again, as shutting and opening it might make a noise. Accordingly, on passing through, he placed the door carefully ajar, and they both sallied forth into the yard.

Oscar positively refused to go any farther, and so Carroll, after stationing him in such a part of the yard as that he could see him all the time while passing along the roofs, commenced his ascent. He climbed up to the top of the shed by means of a high fence which terminated near one corner of it. He walked along the roof of this shed until he came to the kitchen part of the house, where there was another ascent to make. He accomplished this without any difficulty, and then crept along on the roof of this portion of the building till he came to the window of the library. He tried the window, and, to his great satisfaction, found that it was not fastened. Here he paused. He looked for Oscar. He saw him standing in the yard below, half concealed by the shadow of the trees. The other objects in the yard were scarcely discernible. The roofs around him were in part brightly illuminated by the beams of the moon, and partly darkened by the various shadows which fell upon them. Carroll stood at the window for a moment before he attempted to go in, and his heart almost failed him.

His feeling of awe. He tries to open the box. A disaster.

There was a certain solemnity in the stillness of the night that impressed him with a feeling of awe. He listened. There was no sound to be heard but the rustling of the leaves near him in the night breeze, and then, after a moment's pause, the slow tolling of the village bell striking the quarter before twelve.

"It is almost midnight," said Carroll to himself. "If Oscar were not there, I should be afraid."

He, however, felt ashamed to give up now, and so, with a resolution and energy worthy of a better cause, he opened the window, and fastened it up by its button; he then climbed into the room.

The moonbeams formed a bright image of the window on the floor, by the light of which Carroll easily found the contribution-box, and, taking the key out of his pocket, he proceeded to unlock it. The key did not work very well, for he felt a catch in turning it, as if it did not fit the lock properly, but encountered some obstruction within. It, however, turned the bolt, and Carroll opened the box. He found within a great number of cents, and about a dozen pieces of silver coin. He took out three or four of the latter, and a few of the cents. After putting his plunder in his pocket, he shut down the lid of the box and tried to lock it. He found, however, that the obstruction had increased. He tried to force the key round, but he suddenly felt something give way within the lock, and immediately afterward the key became immovable. He could not turn it either way. He worked it, and twisted it, and rapped it, and shook it, but all would not do. He succeeded in loosening it a little so as to be able to move it slightly one way and the other, but he could not get it out. While he was mak-

Carroll is thrown into a state of great alarm.

ing these efforts, a feeling of alarm came over his mind, which became perfectly overwhelming when he found that all hope of extricating the key must be abandoned.

"What *shall* I do?" said he to himself, in great alarm.

It is strange what extraordinary changes are produced in the mind of one who has committed any crime by the prospect of detection. His sense of guilt, and the remorse consequent upon it, are at once enormously increased, and all power of enjoying any pleasure from the fruits of his crime is at once taken away. Thus the simple catching of this key in the lock was the means of changing entirely the light in which Carroll viewed the whole transaction. Before, he felt as if he were merely performing an ingenious little trick. Now, it seemed to him all at once that he had been perpetrating a dreadful crime. Before, he had put the stolen money in his pocket with a feeling of triumph and exultation. Now, the very same money seemed something frightful. The thought that it was in his pocket terrified him. He immediately took it out, and dropped the pieces back into the contribution-box through the top, and then, putting the box back into its place, he climbed out of the window again, and creeping along the roofs as he came, he descended to the yard.

"Oscar," said he, speaking in a whisper, but in a manner indicative of great anxiety and alarm, "the key has got *set* in the lock of the box, and I can't turn it either way."

"Can't you get it out?" asked Oscar.

"No," said Carroll; "I wrenched it till it began to bend, and then I had to stop."

The boys do not know what to do. Vain attempts to get in.

"What are you going to do, then?" asked Oscar, after a short pause.

"I am sure I don't know," replied Carroll. "There is not any thing that I can do but to go back and go to bed, and leave it."

Oscar made no reply to this, but followed Carroll along the yard toward the kitchen door. On arriving at the door, Carroll found it shut. He took hold of the handle of the lower latch to open it, and found it fastened.

"WHAT!" he exclaimed, in a tone of consternation.

"We are fastened out!" he added, turning to Oscar. "I left the door open wide, and somebody has shut it."

The hearts of the boys sank within them for fear. They did not know what they should do.

"How could the door have got shut?" said Carroll.

"It must have been the wind," said Oscar.

Oscar was right in his conjecture. It *was* the wind. The breeze, entering by the windows of the second story, which had been left open that night, had produced a gentle draught of air in the hall below, by means of which the door which Carroll had left ajar had been shut immediately after the boys had left it. As soon as the door came to, the night-latch fell into its place, and fastened the door securely.

"What *shall* we do?" asked Carroll.

"I don't know," replied Oscar, greatly perplexed. "Let us try the windows. Perhaps some of them may be left unfastened."

The boys immediately went to the kitchen windows, and afterward to all the other windows of the lower floor of the house, in

hopes of finding some one which they could open. Their hopes, however, were vain. Every window was shut and securely fastened on the inside. The poor boys came back to the kitchen door, out of breath, and pale with anxiety and terror.

"I don't know what we can do," said Oscar, "unless we go and wake up Timboo and see what he will say. Perhaps he can think of something to help us."

Carroll caught eagerly at this idea.

"Good!" said he. "That is the very best thing that we can do."

CHAPTER XIII.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Carroll would have liked very much to have proposed his plan to Timboo before he commenced putting it into execution, but he knew perfectly well, from the manner in which Timboo had received former proposals of this kind, that there was no hope whatever of his co-operation, and so he took great pains to keep his project a profound secret from all but Oscar. Now, however, since they were involved in so serious a trouble, he could not but hope that Timboo would have pity upon them, and do something to help them out. So the boys went, both together, to Timboo's corner.

They expected to find him asleep, and Carroll presumed that he would be very much astonished at being awakened suddenly at midnight in such a way. In fact, he felt rather afraid to wake him. His uneasiness on this subject proved groundless, however,

Timboo in his hogshead. His idea of his duty as a watchman.

for, on coming into the corner, he found that Timboo, far from being asleep, was sitting up in the mouth of his hogshead, his feet resting on the ground before it. He did not seem at all surprised when he saw Carroll and Oscar coming, but greeted them with,

"WELL, BOYS!"

"Well, boys!"

"Why, Timboo," asked the boys, "what are you doing?"

"I have been watching your father's house against the thieves," said Timboo.

The boys hung their heads, and looked very guilty and ashamed.

The truth was, that Timboo was accustomed often to wake in the night, and on such occasions he would frequently get up and walk about in the yards and around the house, to see that all was safe. He did this partly from a sort of romantic pleasure which he took in such midnight rambles, and partly for the purpose of fulfilling what he conceived to be his duty as a watch. In fact, he would sometimes amuse himself by imagining that he was a watch-dog, and that the hogshead was his kennel, and then he would creep out of his kennel and prowl around the house, listening to every noise just as he would imagine a faithful watch-dog to do, and if he heard any noise, he would stop and utter a sort of low growl. Then he would say to himself,

How it happened that Timboo saw Carroll on the roof.

"I am the watch-dog. My name is Fury. They chain me up all day, but they let me out at night. I'll watch the house for them well, and if any thieves or robbers come, I'll seize them by the throat, and hold them down till the people come and tie them."

It happened that, on this particular evening, Timboo was just getting out of his bed to take such a walk as this at the time when Carroll and Oscar came out of the house. He heard the sound of voices speaking in whispers in the yard, and he at once concluded that there were thieves attempting to get into the house. He accordingly crept cautiously out, and stole along in the shadow of the buildings to reconnoitre. He immediately reflected that he was not strong enough to attack the thieves himself, and that, if he were to attempt to give the alarm at the house, they would escape before any one could come. At first he thought he would run into the village and call for assistance there. Then it seemed to him that perhaps it might be better for him to follow the thieves when they went away, in order to find out where they would go, with a view to having them pursued the next day.

"On the whole," said he to himself, "I'll see what they are about. If they have not yet stolen any thing, I'll make an alarm, and that will drive them away; but if they have got any thing and are carrying it off, I'll follow them and watch them."

In pursuance of this judicious determination, Timboo advanced cautiously, keeping all the time in the shadow, until at length he got where he could see a form which appeared to be that of a boy creeping stealthily along on the roof of the shed. He was astonished to find that the robber was so young. A moment or two

afterward, he got a more distinct view of the apparition where it came out into the moonlight, and he was then still more astonished to see that it was Carroll.

"Ah!" said he to himself, "it is some of the boys' roguery. That is a very different thing. Is it my business to meddle with it or not? That is the question."

So Timboo went back to his corner to consider this question, and he was in the act of considering it when the boys came to him to ask his aid.

Carroll had at first intended not to confess the whole truth to Timboo. In arranging his thoughts in respect to what he was to say to him during the time while he was walking across the yard to his corner, he at first concluded to say that he and Oscar had come down from their room for a frolic, and that the door had shut and fastened itself, and so shut them out; but when he found that Timboo had been awake, and had been watching, he perceived that all attempts at concealment or deception would be idle, and so he told him honestly the whole story. He seemed greatly agitated in telling it, and concluded by saying that, unless Timboo could contrive some way to get them into the house, he did not know what they should do.

Timboo seemed to pity the boys very much. He told them at first that he thought the best way was for them to go and knock or ring at the front door, and their father would come and let them in, and then the next morning they could confess to him honestly all that they had done.

Carroll's heart sank within him as he heard this proposal. It

seemed to him perfectly impossible that he should adopt such a plan as that. He could not endure the thought of waking his father at midnight, and meeting him with such a story.

"That is the only thorough way of getting out of the difficulty," said Timboo. "If you confess your fault now, you will not be so likely to do so again. Besides, your father will not punish you if you go to him and confess it of your own accord."

"But that will not be confessing it of my own accord," said Carroll. "Father will think I confessed it only because there was no other way of getting into the house but by calling him up."

"That is very true," said Timboo. "The best way would be for you to get into the house to-night in some way, and then confess to your father to-morrow morning."

"Yes," said Carroll, eagerly, "that is the best plan. Let us get into the house first, and then we can determine what to do afterward."

Various plans were now proposed, one after another, and successively rejected. One was to go to Prudence's window and try to wake her. But Carroll said that that would make a noise, and as like as not waken his father instead; and, besides, Prudence, he added, would be sure to tell their father all about it the next morning.

Another plan was for the boys to remain out all night, and then steal in secretly the next morning when Prudence should open the door. But both Carroll and Oscar said they did not dare to stay out all night. Besides, their mother often came into the room in the morning before Prudence opened the back door. Then, more-

Timboo has a plan. Negotiations in respect to terms.

over, they had left their candle burning on the chair, and they were afraid that when it burned down it might set the chair and the room on fire.

At last Timboo said that he had thought of a plan, and he would try to execute it on condition that the boys would promise to go the next morning and confess their fault to their father, and tell him the whole story. Carroll wished to know first what the plan was.

"No matter what the plan is," said Timboo; "will you promise, if I will get you safely into the house to-night, that you will go and tell your father and mother all about this affair in the morning, and never steal any thing from them again?"

Carroll was silent. It seemed to him that the terms were very hard.

"Or, if you don't like to tell him yourself, will you agree that *I* may tell him?" added Timboo.

Still Carroll was silent. A moment afterward, he sank down upon one of the steps which led up to the door of the shed, covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears.

Timboo pitied him with all his heart. He went to him and stood by his side, putting his hand, at the same time, gently upon his shoulder.

"If you will contrive some way to get us back into the house," said Oscar, who, not having been so guilty, was not so distressed and terrified as Carroll, "we will promise never to steal any thing again from father or mother, or any body else; but we can't bear to have them know about this."

Timboo proeeeds to execute his plan

"Yes," said Carroll, looking up into Timboo's face with a countenance full of anguish and grief, "yes, we will agree to that. We will never steal any thing again as long as we live. If we do, we will give you leave to tell of that and of this too."

Timboo did not reply directly to this proposal, but he said he would see if he could contrive to get the door of the house open.

"Do you know where there is a hammer?" said he.

"Yes," said Carroll, starting up suddenly, "yes. Come with me."

Carroll led the way, and Timboo and Oscar followed, into the shop. When they reached the door, Carroll went forward to go in.

"Wait here at the door," said he, "till I find it."

So Carroll groped his way along the side of the great bench, feeling among the tools as he went, and being guided in some measure by the light of the moon which shone in at one of the windows. At last he found the hammer.

"Here it is!" said he, eagerly; and he brought it to the door and gave it to Timboo.

"Now," said Timboo, "come with me."

So Timboo led the way back to the yard, with the hammer in his hand. He drew a string out of his pocket, and passing it round his waist like a belt, he fastened the hammer to it in front in a manner somewhat similar to that by which the sailors attach their sheath-knives. The boys looked on in silence while Timboo made these preparations, full of solicitude and anxiety, and wondering what he was going to do.

As soon as Timboo had secured the hammer, he went to the foot

How he contrived to open the door. He makes the boys a promise.

of the lightning-rod and began to ascend. He climbed up rapidly, and apparently with ease, until he reached the second-story window—the one which led into the store-room, as already described. Here he stopped, and began to push up the window.

"He is going to take out the nail from the bolt in the store-room door," said Oscar to Carroll, in a whisper.

Timboo disappeared within the window, and then shut it gently down. The boys waited below in breathless suspense and anxiety. Five minutes elapsed; they seemed to the boys fifteen. At the end of that time they saw the back door slowly opening, and Timboo appearing inside.

Their suspense and anxiety were suddenly changed to joy and exultation. They hurried to the door, and began to creep along the entry to go up stairs to their room. Oscar stopped to speak to Timboo.

"We thank you very much indeed," said he; "and we'll tell you more about it to-morrow."

Carroll, after going on to the foot of the stairs, came back to Timboo again.

"There's one thing more," said he. "Promise me that you will not tell any body about this till you catch me stealing again."

Timboo hesitated. He wished very much to make the promise, but he wished still more to do what was right, and he could not tell at once what he ought to do. He finally concluded that there would be nothing wrong in concealing for a time this offense, to give the boys an opportunity to reform; so at length he said that he would promise it.

The boys are very anxious about the result.

"Upon your honor?" said Carroll.

"I never say any thing but just I promise," said Timboo. "You can trust to that or not, just as you please. You can't have any thing else to trust to."

"I *can* trust to it," said Carroll; "and we are very much obliged to you." So saying, he shut the door gently, and then crept up stairs to his room.

CHAPTER XIV.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

When the boys awoke the next morning, after a few hours of troubled sleep, they felt guilty and miserable. The best thing which they could have done would have been to allow Timboo frankly and honestly to explain the whole case to their father. Then their minds and consciences would have been relieved; but this they could not bear to do.

They hoped that their father would not notice the key which Carroll had left in the contribution-box, and that their mother would not observe that the nail had been withdrawn from the end of the bolt of the store-room door, at least for some time. Sooner or later they knew that their father must find the key, but they thought it possible that he might think it was his own key, and that he had carelessly left it in the lock himself. At any rate, they hoped that he would not suspect them.

In regard to the nail, their hopes and wishes were gratified. Their mother did not observe it. But in respect to the key, the

case was different. It so happened that Mr. Cheveril observed the key in the contribution-box the very next morning, on going into his library. Now Mr. Cheveril, being a lawyer by profession, was accustomed to be always on the alert in respect to roguery of every sort, and his attention was immediately attracted to this mysterious appearance.

"Ah!" said he to himself, "what is this key in the lock of our contribution-box? Is it possible that I could have left the key in it?"

He immediately felt in his pocket, and found there the true key.

"Is it possible that I could have used another key, and left it carelessly in the lock?" said he.

He immediately tried to take out the key in order to look at it, but he found that it would not move either way. On examining it more closely, he found that it was bent a little, as if by the efforts which some one had made to turn it round.

"This is very mysterious," said he. "It is not possible that I could have left the key in the lock in this state, without remembering it."

He then shook the box to see if the money was in it. It seemed to contain the usual amount.

Mr. Cheveril looked about the room to see if he could observe any indications that any person had been there. He reflected that the door was always kept locked, and that he himself always had the key. He went to the window and looked out. His surprise was greatly increased at finding footprints on the roof of the shed leading to the window.

Mr. Cheveril continues his investigations. The footprints on the roof.

"They are the footprints of a boy," said he to himself.

He followed the prints back to the edge of the roof, and saw how easy it would be for a boy to get up that way from the yard below. Pursuing the train, the eyes and thoughts of Mr. Cheveril soon reached and rested upon Timboo, whose corner was just visible from the window where Mr. Cheveril was standing.*

"Hah! Is it possible?" thought he, to himself. "It is well that I was on my guard, and did not make a permanent engagement with that boy."

That evening Mr. Cheveril stated the case and explained his suspicions to his wife. She was very much surprised. She could not believe that Timboo could be guilty of such a crime.

"Somebody has been trying to get the box open, I am very sure," said Mr. Cheveril, "and I have very little doubt that it was somebody who got in through the window. I don't know who it could be unless it was this Timboo. I think," he added, in a musing tone of voice, "I think neither of *our* boys would do such a thing."

"Oh no, indeed!" said Mrs. Cheveril. "It could not possibly be our boys. I never knew either of them to take any thing that did not belong to them in my life."

This is what weak mothers, who blind their own eyes to the failings of their children, always say. "I never in my life knew

* The roof, at the time when Carroll climbed up to it, was covered with the dew. This dew moistened the dust which adhered to Carroll's stockings when he walked across the yard, and caused his feet to make prints on the roof, which remained faintly visible the next day

Mr Cheveril concludes that Timboo was the robber.

him to take any thing that did not belong to him. I never in my life knew him to tell a falsehood," and so on; whereas, the truth is, there is not one child in a thousand, and probably not one in ten thousand, of whom it could be truly said that they never in their lives took what did not belong to them, or said what was not true.

"I think there is very little doubt," said Mr. Cheveril, "that Timboo is the rogue; but I have no positive proof against him. At any rate, it will be safest to send him away. I will, however, first contrive a way to have some conversation about the box with him, without accusing him of any thing, and see how he appears."

In pursuance of this plan, Mr. Cheveril, the next morning, before breakfast, sent Carroll out to ask Timboo to come up into his library.

Carroll delivered the message with fear and trembling. As Timboo went into the house, Carroll walked along with him, and said, in a low tone,

"Perhaps he has found the key in the box, and is going to ask you about it. If he does, remember your promise."

"Do you think I would forget a promise so soon?" asked Timboo.

The plan which Mr. Cheveril had devised was to accost Timboo, when he came into the library, by informing him that somebody had been attempting to rob the contribution-box, just as if he were going to charge him with the crime, and yet without actually charging him with it.

"Then," said he to himself, "if he looks confused and frightened, I shall think he is guilty; but if he looks only surprised and

curious, I shall think he is innocent; and, in that case, I will only ask him to take the box to the locksmith's to have the key taken out."

So, when Timboo came into the room, Mr. Cheveril, who had previously been writing at his desk, laid aside his pen, and then taking down the contribution-box, he showed it to Timboo, looking him full in the face at the same time, and said,

"Timboo, somebody has been trying to rob this contribution-box."

"Yes, sir," said Timboo.

Much to Mr. Cheveril's astonishment, Timboo did not receive this announcement in either of the modes that he had anticipated. He did not seem confused, nor did he seem surprised and curious. He looked, in fact, totally unmoved. There was, however, an expression of innocent satisfaction and happiness diffused over his countenance. He looked at the key a moment, and then looked Mr. Cheveril full in the face, and said simply,

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Cheveril thought that he never saw a more honest look upon any boy's face in his life. Still, he wondered that the boy did not express more surprise and curiosity at hearing of such a story of attempted robbery, and for a moment he was quite perplexed. He concluded finally to consider Timboo innocent, and so he said,

"I wish you to take the box to Mr. Spring's, and ask him to take out the key, and put the lock in order if it is broken. Here is the true key."

"Yes, sir," said Timboo.

Mr. Cheveril is surprised and puzzled at Timboo's appearance.

"As soon as he has opened the box," continued Mr. Cheveril, "let him count the money, and give you a memorandum of the amount he finds in it."

"Yes, sir, I will," said Timboo. So he took the box, and was walking away with it toward the door.

Mr. Cheveril was not, after all, satisfied to have the conversation end so, and just before Timboo reached the door, he called to him again.

Timboo turned round. The box was under his arm.

Mr. Cheveril looked him steadily in the face, and said, in a very deliberate tone and manner,

"Do you know any thing about how that key came in the lock?"

Timboo did not answer. He continued, however, to look as honest as ever.

"If you know any thing about it, I wish you to tell me," said Mr. Cheveril.

"Do you have a suspicion, sir, that I did it?" asked Timboo. He spoke in a very respectful manner in saying this.

"Why, yes, Timboo, to tell you the honest truth, I do," said Mr. Cheveril.

Timboo was silent, and seemed for a moment not to know what to say.

"Come this way," said Mr. Cheveril. So saying, he went toward the window, opened it, and pointed to the tracks on the roof.

"Are those your tracks?" said he.

Mr. Cheveril expected that by being thus suddenly confronted with the proofs of his crime, Timboo would suppose that all was

known, and would turn pale and hang his head in confusion; or that, if he attempted to answer, his voice would falter, and he would not know what to say. Instead of this, the boy seemed entirely unmoved. He looked out at the tracks, and then looked up again into Mr. Cheveril's face, and said,

"No, sir, they are not."

Here there was another pause. Timboo in a moment, however, resumed:

"Suppose, Mr. Cheveril, that a man is suspected of any crime, is he obliged in the law to answer any questions that they ask him about it?"

"No," said Mr. Cheveril, "he is not obliged to answer."

"And if he does not answer, does it always prove that he is guilty?"

"No," said Mr. Cheveril, "by no means."

"Then," said Timboo, "I think I had better not answer any questions about this."

Mr. Cheveril was more and more surprised at Timboo's replies. He was now, however, convinced that he was in some way or other concerned in the robbery.

"It is possible," thought he, "that those footprints may not be his. He may have some confederate in the village that he sent up. It is plain, however, that he is concerned with the affair in some way or other."

After reflecting in this manner a moment longer on the subject, Mr. Cheveril accosted Timboo again.

"Well, Timboo, you can do as you please about answering my

questions. I have no right to compel you.* You are at liberty to answer or not, as you please; but of course, under the circumstances of the case, if you do not answer, I can no longer feel any confidence in you, and shall not feel safe in having you employed about my house."

"Well, sir," said Timboo, "then I will go away."

"And it will not be necessary for you to take the box to Mr. Spring's," continued Mr. Cheveril. "You may put it down on the table. After breakfast I will see you again, and pay you what I think I owe you. I shall pay you well, for you have certainly been very industrious and faithful in your work."

To hear Mr. Cheveril say this to him, speaking as he did in a kind and considerate tone, brought the tears into Timboo's eyes. He, however, hastily brushed them away, and went down stairs.

After breakfast Mr. Cheveril sent for Timboo again, to pay him his wages. He said that he thought the work that he had done was worth about a dollar and a half, and so he paid him that money. He, however, then told Timboo that, since there was so much reason to fear that he was not an honest boy, he did not know that it would be right to allow him to go away without searching him, in order to see that he was not carrying away any thing that did

* Mr. Cheveril was right in this statement so far as the principle applies to public criminals examined by officers of the law, and also to such questions as this between himself and Timboo, where the person questioning the other has no natural right or authority to question him. It is different in the case of parents and children, and of teachers and pupils. Children are rightfully under the authority of their parents, and pupils under that of their teachers, and they are therefore not at liberty, when questioned about any wrong, to answer or decline answering, as they may see fit.

not belong to him. He then asked Timboo what he had in his pockets.

Timboo immediately began to empty his pockets. He took out first the loose change which was left from the stock of money which he had in his possession at the time of leaving New York, then some nuts which he was keeping for Joliba, next Joliba's piece of bunting, and, finally, the heavy parcel which the captain had given him.

"What is that?" said Mr. Cheveril.

"It is something which the captain gave me. I suppose it is some money," said Timboo.

"How much is it?" asked Mr. Cheveril.

"I don't know, sir," said Timboo. "If it is all cents, I suppose it is not a great deal, but there may be some silver."

Mr. Cheveril proceeded to open the parcel, and found it contained a considerable number of quarters of a dollar, and among them four gold pieces of ten dollars each.

Mr. Cheveril was very much surprised to see this money. His suspicions that Timboo was a dishonest boy were now fully confirmed. Timboo explained to him under what circumstances he had left the captain, and how the captain had given him this parcel, directing him not to open it until he became involved in serious difficulty, and that, consequently, he had not opened it, and did not know at all what it contained. Mr. Cheveril, however, did not believe one word of this story, from beginning to end.

After considering the subject a few minutes, Mr. Cheveril said to Timboo as follows:

Mr Cheveril proposes a plan — Timboo is dismissed.

"What you say may be true, Timboo, but it seems to me very improbable, and I am afraid that you have not come by this money honestly. I think I ought to keep it till I ascertain the truth. I am going to New York in a day or two, and I will then go and see if there is any such vessel and captain there as you say, and if there is, I will ask the captain if he gave you this money. If he did, I will give it back to you whenever you call for it."

"Well, sir," said Timboo, "and I should like to have you keep my dollar and a half for me too. The other money I have will be enough for me."

Mr. Cheveril was much surprised at this proposal, and he was again struck with the honest look which Timboo wore in making it. There appeared to be some unaccountable mystery in the case; but, on the whole, it seemed to him that the most prudent course for him to take was to detain the money until he could make the inquiries, and, in the mean time, not to employ Timboo any more until he learned the result of them. So Timboo bade him good-by, and went away.

He went to his corner to get Joliba. He put the bird on his shoulder, and took the perch under his arm. He then took a farewell survey of his humble home, bade his little berth in the hogshead good-by, and then passed out through the yard. Carroll and Oscar were at the gate.

"Where are you going, Timboo?" said they.

"I am going away," said Timboo.

"Going away!" said Carroll; "what does that mean? And where are you going?"

"Your father thinks that it was I that tried to open his box, and so he does not want me to work for him any more."

The boys were thunderstruck.

"And where are you going?" said Carroll, after a moment's pause.

"I don't know," said Timboo. "Good-by."

So saying, Timboo walked along. The boys called him, but he did not answer, nor even look back. The parrot, however, stepped very deliberately round on Timboo's shoulder, so as to obtain a parting view of the boys, and then began to say,

"Come, Pol-ly! Pol-ly! sing us a song."

Tears had begun to come into Carroll's eyes when he found Timboo going away under circumstances so painful, but he could not help laughing in the midst of them at Joliba's comical mode of bidding farewell.

"We must not let him go so," said Carroll.

"No," said Oscar.

"But how can we help it?" asked Carroll, after pausing a moment.

"I am sure I don't know," said Oscar.

In fact, the boys seemed perfectly bewildered with their distress and perplexity. They called to Timboo, but he did not turn back or reply. They asked each other what they should do, but neither could answer the question. They remained mournfully at the gate until Timboo had disappeared from view, and then they returned, conscience-stricken and wretched, into the yard.

The boys are much distressed — Their thoughts.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CONFESSION.

All the morning the boys continued silent and dejected. They could not talk, they could not play. They walked about in agitation and distress, not knowing what to do. They could not bear the thought that Timboo, innocent and generous as he was, should suffer so keen an injustice through their fault; nor could they, on the other hand, any more endure the thought of confessing their fault to their father. Carroll said he did not know what he *should* do.

At nine o'clock the boys went to school, but they found that, wherever they went, they could not fly from themselves. They could not fix their thoughts upon their studies, but were haunted all the time with remorse for their guilt, and with feelings of anxiety and fear. Poor Timboo was continually present to their minds. They thought of all his kindness and good-will toward them, of the many favors he had rendered them, of his constant readiness to perform any service for them in his power, provided it was not connected with any wrong doing, and of his faithfulness, his conscientiousness, and his generosity; and that he should be sent away in disgrace, to wander about without friends, or house, or home, bearing the burden of their guilt because he would not break his promise and betray them, all this seemed too much to endure.

Consultation between Oscar and Carroll. They go to the office.

Carroll and Oscar were seated in different parts of the school-house, so that they could not communicate with each other during study hours; but the moment that the signal was given for the recess, and the boys went out, Carroll beckoned to Oscar, and led him away to a corner of the yard.

"Oscar," said he, "I think we ought not to leave this thing so."

"I think so too," said Oscar.

"What shall we do?" said Carroll.

"I think we ought to go and tell father," said Oscar, "that it was we that tried to open the money-box."

"I think so too," said Carroll. "Let us go now. I'll call him out of the office, and you shall tell him."

"Agreed!" said Oscar.

It was not far from the school-house to the office, and the boys, supposing that they should have time to go and return before the recess was over, set out immediately. When they reached the office, Carroll, in accordance with the division of duty which had been agreed upon, opened the door in order to see if his father was alone, with a view of asking him to come out a moment, if he should find him engaged with company. Oscar remained outside, greatly perplexed and distressed with his efforts to frame a proper form of words for the confession.

The office was half full of men. Mr. Cheveril was sitting at the table writing, with men all around him.

"Father," said Carroll, "will you step out here a minute?"

"I can't come now, Carroll," said he. "I am very busy."

Carroll drew back, shut the door, and reported the state of the case to Oscar, without.

"Tell him he *must* come. It is only for a minute," said Oscar.

Carroll opened the door again.

"Father," said he, "please to come out one minute. It is very important."

Mr. Cheveril raised his eyes from his work, and seeing by Carroll's agitated air that something unusual had occurred, laid down his pen and came to the door. Carroll stood aside, and looked toward Oscar. Oscar came forward resolutely, and said,

"Timboo is a very honest boy. It was I and Carroll that tried to get the box open."

It is usually most polite when you are speaking of yourself and some other person to name the other person first. In ordinary cases, Oscar should have said Carroll and I; but in confessing a fault in which you have been engaged, it is always more generous and noble to put yourself foremost. It is true that in this case Oscar had acted a very secondary and subordinate part, but he was altogether above taking any advantage of this, and throwing off the blame chiefly on his brother. So he said *I and Carroll.*

When Mr. Cheveril heard this, he was for a moment quite bewildered with surprise. He paused a moment, looked at the two boys, and then seemed lost in thought.

"And did Timboo help you?" he said, at length.

"No, sir," said Carroll. "He did not know any thing about it till after it was done."

"But he knew about it then?" said Mr. Carroll, inquiringly.

"Yes, sir; but he promised that he would not tell of us if we would never do so again," said Carroll.

Mr. Cheveril here uttered a slight exclamation, scarcely audible, and seemed again for a moment lost in thought.

"Where has Timboo gone?" said he, at length.

"He has gone up the river some where, I suppose," said Carroll, "to find some other place to work."

"Well, boys," said Mr. Cheveril, after another brief pause, "go to school, and tell the teacher that I shall want you for the rest of the day. Then go home, and harness the horse into the wagon, and go off and see if you can find Timboo any where. Inquire as you go along of the people that you meet if they have seen a boy go by with a parrot. If you can not hear any thing of him, come back. If you get upon his track, follow him till you find him, and then bring him here."

So the boys turned away from their father's office, and ran off toward the school-house, feeling suddenly and entirely relieved of their distress. Carroll went prancing and capering along, as full, apparently, now of joy as he had been before of anxiety and fear.

"I am *so* glad that we are going after Timboo!" said he.

"So am I," said Oscar. "Won't he be glad to see us, and to come home with us again?"

After delivering the message to the teacher, the boys hastened home, and began to harness the horse into the wagon. While they were harnessing him, Carroll said,

"I'm *so* glad that we told father all about it!"

The boys set out on a journey up the river.

"So am I," said Oscar. "What do you think he will do to us?"

"I don't care a fig what he will do to us," replied Carroll. "I am *so* glad that we told him, and that it is over!"

CHAPTER XVI.

TIMBOO BROUGHT HOME.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning when Timboo left Mr. Cheveril's house, and it was now eleven. He had, consequently, been gone about four hours.

Timboo had wisely concluded not to attempt to obtain any new employment in the neighborhood where Mr. Cheveril lived. He thought that, in case he were to do so, there would be great danger that some stories would get into circulation, sooner or later, from Mr. Cheveril's family, in respect to his not being an honest boy, and it would be better, therefore, for him to go at once entirely away. So he went directly through the village, and then, entering the road that led up the river, he walked briskly on, intending to travel all that day, and also all the next, before attempting to find any other employment.

He traveled at a brisk pace, not less than at the rate of three miles an hour, and he stopped seldom to rest. Consequently, at the time when Carroll and Oscar were ready to set out in pursuit of him, he had got eight or ten miles up the river.

Carroll and Oscar had no difficulty in tracing him. The appearance that he made—which was quite striking and peculiar,

partly from his sailor's dress and his foreign air, and more especially on account of Joliba, who continued all the time perched upon his shoulder—attracted the attention of the people who lived along the road, and almost every one of whom the boys stopped to inquire had noticed him as he passed, and remembered the time when he went by. The boys drove on, therefore, in excellent spirits, confident that they would soon overtake him.

As, however, Timboo was going on all the time, and inasmuch as it happened once or twice that the boys took the wrong road and were obliged to come back, thus losing time, they did not gain upon him so fast as they expected. It was not, in fact, until about two o'clock that they came up with him.

A little before two o'clock Timboo came to a school-house. The children were coming along the roads both ways to school. Timboo put the parrot on his perch, and covered him up with the bunting, and then took his seat on a flat stone by the roadside, and called the children to him as they came up. Almost all of them had little baskets in their hands, which contained their luncheons. As they came, they were all very anxious to know what living thing Timboo had got under the little cloth. Timboo said it was a parrot, a kind of bird that could talk, and that, if they would each of them break a very small piece, enough for one bite, off from their luncheon for him, he would show him to them. They all eagerly agreed to this, and immediately began opening their baskets, and breaking off pieces of bread and butter, and also of cake and pie, and giving them to Timboo. So Timboo had an excellent dinner.

Timboo calls the children all around him They give him a dinner.

There were two girls among these children who had some milk —more, they said, than they wanted themselves, and they each of them gave Timboo a good drink.

TIMBOO'S DINNER.

The children were very much delighted to see the parrot, and they laughed very heartily to hear him talk and sing. They were so much pleased, in fact, that they kept breaking off more and more from their luncheons to offer to Timboo, until he had more than he wanted.

It was just after the bell rang to call the children into school that the boys came up in the wagon, and found Timboo sitting there on the stone, with Joliba on his perch by the side of him.

Of course, Timboo was greatly pleased to see the boys again, and to hear their story. He told them it was very noble in them

to confess their fault rather than to let him suffer for it, but they themselves thought, on the other hand, that it would have been very mean and ignoble for them not to have done so.

The boys turned the wagon about, and Timboo got in. They then drove rapidly home. As soon as they arrived, Timboo went to work, as usual, in the garden. The boys proceeded to the office, and reported to their father that they had found Timboo, and had brought him back. All that their father said was "Very well." The boys then went away, very much relieved, and Mr. Cheveril resumed his work.

That evening, Mr. Cheveril told Timboo that he might go on as usual for a day or two, and then he should have something more to say to him. His plan was to postpone any farther conversation with him until he should have been to New York, and should have ascertained there the truth of the story that Timboo had told him about the gold.

The next day Mr. Cheveril learned from Timboo more particularly the name of the captain and of the ship, and also the name of the pier where the ship was lying, and then set off for New York. He went immediately to the pier to which he had been directed. He was just in season, the ship being on the eve of sailing for Canton. Mr. Cheveril found the captain on the deck. He related his errand, and concluded by asking the captain if he knew any such boy, and if so, whether he had given him any gold.

"Yes," said the captain. "His story is all true. And more than that, he is as honest and capable a boy as ever lived. If you have got him in your employ, I advise you to take good care not

to lose him; for a better boy than he is you will not find, not in *any* quarter of the globe."

Of course, Mr. Cheveril returned home entirely satisfied. He made inquiries of his boys too, and learned from them all the particulars of their attempted robbery. The boys related the whole story honestly, and explained the kind and courageous part that Timboo had acted in helping them out of the difficulty they were in. Mr. Cheveril asked them if they had ever robbed the contribution-box before. They said they had. He asked them how much they thought they had taken in all. After making a little calculation, the boys said they thought that they had taken about two dollars.

"Well, boys," said Mr. Cheveril, "I shall not punish you for this dishonesty, for I can not but hope that this affair will cure you forever of the fault. I have the more hope that it will do so, because you came and confessed it of your own accord. I think, however, you ought to make reparation for the wrong you have done. That money belonged to the poor. You ought to go to work now, under Timboo's charge, and earn that sum, and put it into the box, so as to pay back what you took away."

"Yes, sir," said Carroll, "we will pay double. We will work till we have earned three dollars or five dollars."

"Three will be about right," said Mr. Cheveril. "You shall work till Timboo says you have fully earned three dollars, and then I will pay you the money, and you shall put it into the box, to replace what you have taken."

Mr. Cheveril made a permanent arrangement with Timboo to

live with him as a hired boy, on good wages. The money that he already possessed Mr. Cheveril put out at interest for him. Timboo entered upon the discharge of his duties, and a rapid change was seen very soon to be taking place in all Mr. Cheveril's premises. The barns and sheds, and especially the tool-room, soon began to look in order. The tools grew sharp, and the broken ones gradually got mended. A great change took place, too, by degrees, in the tempers and manners of the children. They became industrious, obedient, kind, and conciliating. Both their mother and Prudence were greatly pleased at this change, and could not tell at all how to account for it.

Timboo made a room for himself in the corner of the shed. He papered this room with some parts of rolls that the boys found for him in the garret. He had a window and a door in his room, and a nice bed in the corner. The boys were so much pleased with the room that they wished to come and sleep there themselves, but it was only large enough for one.

Timboo raked off the straw from his yard, and turfed it over with grass, leaving a walk in the middle to lead up to the steps of his door. He also planted shrubbery and flowers against the sides of the buildings, and along the wall, so as to make the place look very pleasant. It was a very small yard, but it was a very pretty one. In fact, Carroll said that it was all the prettier for being so small.

One of the first expenditures that Timboo made was to buy a pretty green cage for Joliba. The bars of it were made of tin, so that Joliba could not bite them. This cage had a shelf for it out-

Prudence's opinion of Timboo. Fanny. Poetry that Timboo wrote.

side the door in Timboo's yard, where it was kept in the daytime. In the night it was brought in. In the winter the cage was kept in the kitchen, where, in process of time, Prudence and Joliba became great friends.

Prudence liked Timboo too, he was so considerate, faithful, and kind. Indeed, all the family liked him, and so did all the people of the village; for he often went into the village on business of various kinds. He transacted all this business in a very quiet and gentle, and yet very efficient manner, and soon half the families in the town wished that they had such a boy.

Timboo and little Fanny became very special and particular friends. Timboo assisted her in learning to read and write. He also used to talk with her a great deal, and answer her questions, and tell her stories, and do a great deal to amuse her in a thousand ways. He often wrote little jingling rhymes for her too, which Fanny called poetry. One of these pieces was called Rules of Behavior, and it told Fanny what she was to do in a variety of circumstances and situations. The first rule was about going to bed. It was this:

> "When my mother tells me it is time to go to bed,
> Except to bid them all good-night, there's nothing to be said."

Another was about putting playthings away.

> "Whenever in the parlor I get tired of my play,
> I must always put my playthings up before I go away."

These things amused Fanny very much, and often they had a beneficial influence upon her in respect to her conduct and character. I can not, however, give a particular account of them here,

as it is time to bring this Story Book to a close; but a farther and more full account of what Timboo did and said while he lived at Mr. Cheveril's will be given in the next Story Book, which will be entitled TIMBOO AND FANNY.

Thus Timboo did a great deal of good, and the seed from which it all sprang was the Christian instruction given to him by the mate on board ship, acting in the place of a mother.

THE END.

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